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GEORGE BUCHANAN QUATER-CENTENARY, 1906.

PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

IN view of a Celebration of the Four-hundredth Anniversary of the birth of George Buchanan, the distinguished Scotsman and Humanist (1506-1582), to be held in St. Andrews in April 1906, J. Peddie Steele, Esq., M.D., LL.D., Florence, has offered a PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS for the best Essay on "SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HUMANISM AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE LIFE AND WORK OF GEORGE BUCHANAN."

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Essays must be either type-written or printed. If, in the opinion of the Examiners, no Essay submitted is of sufficient merit, the Prize will not be awarded.

The successful Essay will become the property of Dr. Steele.

All Essays must be sent to The Secretary, The University, St. Andrews, Scotland, and must be in his hands on or before THURSDAY, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1906. Essays received after that date will be disqualified.

ANDREW BENNETT, Secretary.

THE UNIVERSITY, ST. ANDREWS,

April 24, 1905.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Royal Literary Fund will hold its annual dinner on May 15. An old pamphlet tells us how the fund came to be instituted. It had its origin in a club that used to meet, towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the Prince of Wales' coffee-house, Conduit Street; and this is the story of its foundation :

"During the summer recess of the summer of 1788 an event took place which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity, and afflicted the votaries of knowledge. Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most useful, if not of the most competent, Greek scholars of his age, a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candour of his temper and the gentleness of his manners, died in consequence of having been arrested and detained for a debt to a victualler who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

"At the news of this event, every friend of literature felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and one of the members of the club above mentioned proposed that it should adopt, as its object and purpose, some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving authors and their families in distress."

We shall doubtless hear, at the banquet, how many tens of thousands of pounds the trustees of the fund now hold invested. Its early balance-sheets are in striking contrast with its present opulence. The subscriptions received between April 1794 and April 1795 amounted only to £110 5s. The amount paid out for the relief of authors during the same period was only £86 17s. Naturally the individual grants were small. A typical case is that of "the widow of a late Doctor of Divinity." We read that "it was resolved that six guineas should be given to her, two guineas at a time, according to the direction of Mr. Deputy Nicholls." The largest of all the grants is one of twenty guineas to a Doctor of Laws; the justification of the extravagance being that "the difficulties under which he at that time laboured proceeded from the distressed circumstances of a gentleman from whom he used to receive annually a valuable consideration for the services which he rendered him."

A writer in a contemporary makes an attack upon the Society of Authors which, if not inspired by malice, must result from ignorance. This is what he says :

"Our best literature, our poetry, our biography, and our criticism are none of them helped in the least by the Society of Authors."

But it is no part of the functions of the Society of Authors to "help literature," whether good, bad or indifferent. It exists to define and protect literary property, which is quite another matter. Does the writer mean that the Society refuses to admit poets, biographers, and critics to membership? Or that it takes the guineas of poets, biographers, and critics, but denies to them privileges which it accords to its other members? Or what does he mean? We have a strong suspicion that he has been using at random words which mean nothing at all.

Can the civilisation of a country be gauged by the number of its periodicals? If so, America is indeed making culture hum. The latest Newspaper Annual, just issued in the United States, shows that there exist in that country no less than 22,312 periodicals, or approximately one for every 3400 inhabitants. In Germany, on the other hand, where there are more periodicals in comparison with the population than in any other European State, there is one periodical for every 7500 inhabitants; while in the United Kingdom there is, roughly speaking, one to each 9000. The United States, with a population of seventy millions, has absolutely more periodicals than the whole of Europe which has perhaps four hundred million inhabitants.

Equally remarkable is the number of languages represented in the publications of the great Republic sometimes humorously called "Anglo-Saxon." Apart from the English periodicals, no less than forty languages and dialects have their magazines and newspapers. German easily heads the list. Then, a long way behind, comes French. After that, with a fair representation, follow Czech, Dutch, Hebrew, Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Spanish, Swedish, and Portuguese; while at the tail end of the list come Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Finnish, Gaelic, Hungarian, Icelandic, Japanese, Lithuanian, Russian, Servian, Slovenian, and Welsh. Even the Redskins have a paper; and Latin lives in a Boston monthly, the *Classical Review*.

Under the head of "Our Neglected Monuments," the *Quarterly Review* in a well-informed article deals in a calm and dispassionate spirit with a subject of great national interest. The recent vandalism at Berwick-upon-Tweed in filling up the ancient fosse and demolishing the considerable fragments of the Edwardian Walls is very fully narrated and lamented. More acts of demolition were in contemplation, but thanks to the disinterested action of a public-spirited resident, the Local Government Board stepped in and acquired the Bell Tower and a considerable extent of the ancient wall. The modern walls of Elizabeth's reign (rather massive ramparts faced with stone) are still entire and fairly well preserved, but even they are threatened by the City Fathers, who have ever and anon before them a scheme for running an unnecessary roadway through them to the insignificant suburb of the Greens, the abode of the local fishermen. The ancient bridge over the Tweed—a unique and beautiful structure—built from the Royal Exchequer between 1611 and 1624, is also threatened. Since 1700, by writ of William III., £100 (never fully expended or accounted for) has been annually paid to the Corporation for repairing the Bridge, and yet the Town Council have the assurance to claim the right to disfigure and practically destroy the outstanding features of this fine *international* structure.

The writer in the *Quarterly*, after dealing exhaustively and interestingly with other cases of vandalism and explaining the excellent and effective provisions for preserving ancient monuments in Italy, Germany, France and other Continental States, suggests that a National Commission similar to the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which has done invaluable work in printing and cataloguing the contents of the charter chests of our historic families, should be as early as possible called into existence, to visit and catalogue our Ancient Monuments with power to schedule them and place them under national control. Where they are private property they should be purchased compulsorily at a reasonable price based upon three years' average rental; but at Berwick and other towns where they are earning no rent they should be enclosed and protected *pro bono publico*, free of price. The gods, alas, fight in vain against ignorance and stupidity. Did not Lord Avebury fight for ten weary years before even he could persuade our Conscript Fathers to pass the act of 1882 to protect our ancient monuments? Vested interests

and so-called private rights of property stood in the way: as if any one individual or group of individuals or any little corporate body could inherit the sacred monuments of a great and honoured past! What would the United States of America give to possess monuments such as are scattered through the three kingdoms? Reverence for the past is cultivated and encouraged in republican America, but our local Dogberrys are hidebound and arrogant, and pride themselves on a wicked and senseless utilitarianism. *Vix ea voco nostra*—we can scarcely call these things our own; for are not these ancient monuments, like the English Bible, like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and many others too numerous to recite here, the inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world?

It is looking back into the golden years to recall the pastoral time when the world was young. We have come through stone and iron and many ages, and to-day it depends on the fancy of the thinker whether he name it the mechanical and decadent age, which Bacon said followed by natural sequence pastoralism, war, art, or find with imaginative insight the elements of poetry behind steam and electricity. A delightful history of the "Three Phases of Pastoral Sentiment," its birth, its prime, its artificial period, swinging back even now to naturalism with sublime and unconquerable hope, will be found in the *Edinburgh Review*. The shepherds and shepherdesses that flitted joyously through our European literature are no more. It is the Bible that contains the abiding records of that pastoral life which to-day supplies much of our imagery and stirs poetic feeling. The shepherd is the moving and inspiring figure. Abraham watching his flock on the plain of Moreh, David the onetime shepherd-boy singing of his heavenly Shepherd, Solomon's ideal pictures, supply a whole line of story and romance, till that starlit night when simple shepherds were selected as worthy of divine tidings. Of course it may be said that Christian pastoralism was foreshadowed and anticipated in pagan times, for do we not even now, after the lapse of centuries, step on tiptoe with bated breath into that temple in Alexandria where the divine image of Adonis, his wan limbs limp with the boar's wound, reposes amidst flowers, and our ears hear the intoxicating chant of the whispered hymn—all as depicted by Theocritus in his matchless Ode? Is there anything new under the sun? This article is a prose poem and seems to recite with a rhythm of its own, here and there rather exuberantly, the writer's over-flowing study of a beautiful and idyllic period when life seems, on looking back, a dream of poetry. Our age of prose is spiritualised and purified by such a charming retrospect.

In connection with the article in a recent issue of the *ACADEMY* on "The Glory of Somerset," a correspondent sends us an interesting quotation from George Gissing:

"I have been spending a week in Somerset. The right June weather put me in the mind for rambling, and my thoughts turned to the Severn Sea. I went to Glastonbury and Wells, and on to Cheddar, and so to the shore of the Channel at Clevedon, remembering my holiday of fifteen years ago, and too often losing myself in a contrast of the man I was then and what I am now. Beautiful beyond all words of description that nook of oldest England; but that I feared the moist and misty winter climate, I should have chosen some spot below the Mendips for my home and resting-place. Unspeaking the charm to me of those old names; exquisite the quiet of those little towns, lost amid tilth and pasture, untouched as yet by the fury of modern life, their ancient sanctuaries guarded, as it were, by noble trees and hedges overrun with flowers. In all England there is no sweeter and more varied prospect than that from the hill of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury; in all England there is no lovelier musing-place than the leafy walk beside the Palace Moat at Wells. As I think of the golden hours I spent there, a passion of which I can give no name takes hold upon me; and my heart trembles with an indescribable ecstasy."

Dr. Charlton Bastian has had an amusing experience in connection with the American request that he should write the book on the "Origin of Life" to which we referred the other day. The publishers failed to confirm the request of their editor, on the ground that, having the repute of a

conservative firm, they could scarcely publish a work which was in conflict with accepted views. One would have thought that the publication of a "New Scientific Series" was the last enterprise to be expected in such a quarter. However, Dr. Bastian is no stranger to this state of mind; and his book proceeds unchecked.

The revived interest in the author of "Evelina" has resulted in a proposal that the Bath Corporation shall put a tablet on the wall of 23 Great Stanhope Street, where Fanny Burney once lived. Her first visit to Bath was in 1780 in company with Mrs. Thrale, and her journal is full of enthusiastic praise of the elegance of its houses, the beauty of its streets, and its enchanting prospects. Her next visit was in 1791, when she was introduced by Lady Spencer to Georgina Duchess of Devonshire.

Fanny Burney's most eventful residence in Bath was, however, in 1817, when she was occupied in nursing her invalid husband whom she had the honour of presenting to Queen Charlotte in the Pump Room. Both parties seem to have been fascinated, but no sooner had the Queen departed than General d'Arblay "sank upon a bench near the wall," overcome with pain. A few months later he died in Great Stanhope Street, and was buried in Walcot Churchyard.

"Annals of Ipswich," by Nath. Bacon (grandson of Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon), sometime Town Clerk and Recorder, was published in 1884 by subscription without an Index (a 4to volume of 600 pages) and it is now proposed to issue a carefully compiled one to render the valuable contents more accessible, as well as to bring the various extracts from the Town Records and documents of which the book is made up to light. There are many valuable facts stated therein, which for want of an index are simply lost. A fact of much interest to librarians and others is the foundation of the Town Library in 1612. Norwich was founded in 1608, and Bristol in 1613. The accounts of the famous Guild of Corpus Christi, the Christ Hospital, and Tooley's foundation, &c., are noted in detail. Passive resistance was not unknown in those times, but it was for the parson's pay that two yards of cloth were seized. The details of weights and measures are quaint to a degree. The famous proverb "to hunt for a needle in a bottle of hay" (which was to weigh about 6 or 7 lbs.) comes from this county. The work will be printed by Messrs. Sparks and Co. Limited, Caxton Printing Works, and is to be strictly limited to 100 copies signed and numbered.

The proposal of the Moore Memorial Committee to remove Thomas Moore's remains from Bromham churchyard to the Glasnevin cemetery at Dublin presents a difficulty. The lover of Moore can scarcely dissociate his memory from the Wiltshire cottage in which he lived so long, or the room in which he died, and in which his ghost is said still to appear, or the hamlet in which the memory lingers of the good deeds of his wife. Moreover Moore, who was the best of husbands and fathers, lies buried appropriately by his wife and two of his children, and one can almost imagine him uttering the Shakespearean malediction against any one who stirs his bones. That he belongs by his genius to Ireland seems an inadequate reason for breaking up his family sepulchre. Is there any precedent for such an act?

Another literary memorial in contemplation is a monument to Eugène Sue at Annecy. His is the second great literary name connected with the little town; the first being that of Rousseau, who was received there by Madame de Warens when he ran away from the engraver to whom he was apprenticed at Geneva, and who had beaten him for stealing apples. Sue retired to live there after the "coup d'état," Paris being then impossible to him on account of his political opinions. Though a Socialist of Socialists, he was luxurious in his personal

habits. The story goes that, every morning, when he sat down to work, his valet brought him a new pair of straw-coloured kid gloves which he drew on before dipping a gold pen into a silver inkpot to write that "no one has the right to superfluities while any one is deprived of necessities."

It is doubtful whether Sue's novels are any longer read, but at the time of "The Mysteries of Paris," he was the most conspicuous novelist of his day. A selection from the letters which he received from the readers of that sensational serial was lately published in a French paper, and proved how large and how "mixed" was his public. Not only did the poor write to ask him for money. The rich also wrote to ask him to be their almoner—Mme. de Rothschild among their number. Lamartine addressed him as "my dear prose poet." A German Prince wrote asking leave to introduce "my cousin Prince Max of Bavaria." A musician made his story the theme of an oratorio, and horticulturists named new kinds of roses after his heroines.

Naturally, too, he received criticisms of his stories, and corrections of his inaccuracies. "You are mistaken," wrote one who evidently knew, "in supposing that the death penalty is gratuitous. No, sir. The unhappy wife of a victim of the guillotine in our part of the country has just had her furniture seized to defray the costs of the execution." Advice was also offered as to the fate of the sympathetic Fleur-de-Marie. A correspondent wrote all the way from Belgium to say that he would like to see her end as the directress of a charitable institution. "Arrange that for me, if you please, Monsieur Sue."

Finally there were letters from ladies desirous of the writer's acquaintance. One lady in the provinces has offered to present him with an Etruscan vase, and plaintively complains that he has promised to come and fetch it, but has allowed two years to pass without doing so. Another writes: "Sir, I know your taste to be refined. Please pay a visit to my collection of pictures in the Rue Taibout. It is on the third story, and my name is on the door." One wonders whether any novelist is as popular as all that nowadays.

Though the date of the Barbier Centenary has passed, the celebration has, for some reason, been postponed until May 29. We may spend the interval in recalling the circumstances of the poet's election to the Academy. It was in 1868; and the favourite was "le bon Théo"—Théophile Gautier, author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin." But Gautier was Princess Mathilde's librarian, and there was a conspiracy, led by the Comte de Montalembert, to find a rival candidate whose election would annoy the Emperor and his family. The Count asked Edouard Grenier to find him a man, and Grenier suggested Barbier. "Who is he?" asked the Count. "The author of 'Iambes.'" "But I thought he was dead." "Not at all. I met him yesterday." "Is he the man who wrote:

'Je n'ai jamais chargé qu'un homme de ma haine:
Sois maudit, o Napoléon!'"

"Certainly." "Then he's the man for us." And Guizot and Thiers were consulted, and approved; and Auguste Barbier beat Théophile Gautier by 18 votes to 14.

We have just received the German translations of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa." They are published in two volumes under the common title, "Irdische und himmlische Liebe" (Earthly and Heavenly Love). In a brief preface, the editor, Dr. Max Meyerfeld, who is not the translator, tells us that Moore revised his two novels in June 1904, rewriting the whole of "Evelyn Innes," and that the novel has vastly gained by the changes. German critics consider Evelyn Innes and Owen Asher the most

artistic types of psychological character-drawing since Flaubert, and that in them Moore has attained the zenith of soul-analysis.

The latest production at the Deutsche Theatre, Berlin, deals with University life. The subject was treated incidentally, it will be remembered, in *Alt-Heidelberg*, and different phases of school life form the subjects of such popular modern plays as *Der Probe-Kandidat*, *Flachsmann als Erzieher* and *Traumulus*. The new work by Ferdinand Wittenbauer is entitled *Der Privatdozent*, and deals with the difficulties of the professorial staff, greatly complicated by the fact that the "professor's daughters must be married—that is the vocation of the *Privatdozenten*." A *Privatdozent* is a sort of tutor or lecturer who works under the chief professors. The somewhat conventional plot is atoned for by an original ending, in which all are not rewarded according to their deserts, by excellent dialogue, and some clever character-drawing, but the piece will scarcely take its place among those mentioned above.

Word comes from Sydney of a new anthology of Australasian verse, compiled by Mr. A. G. Stephens, which will be published shortly in Sydney and London. There is a great vogue, it seems, for poetry in Australia. The country has a long list of poets, Lawson, Paterson, Ogilvie, Barcroft Boake, Victor Daley, Bernard O'Dowd, Lindsay Gordon; and their works sell, not by the hundred, as do those of most of our living poets in England, but by the thousand—to be read not only in drawing-rooms and libraries, but by swagmen's camp-fires and in shearers' huts. The anthology of Australasian poets made some years ago by Mr. Douglas Sladen is now no longer adequate; and English readers will welcome the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with work that has made so wide an appeal in the country of its origin.

LITERATURE

HOMER AND SCIENCE

A Handbook of Homeric Study. By HENRY BROWNE, S. J.,
Professor of Greek at University College, Dublin.
(Longmans, 6s.)

FATHER BROWNE's book of three hundred and twenty pages, pretty closely printed, is intended for "beginners" and "young students," probably for sixth-form boys, and men who aim at honours in Moderations. For our part we think that the best thing for such students to do is to read Homer "for human pleasure," to read him steadily, and read him whole, in the manner of Ronsard, who, in one of his poems, tells us that he sported his oak, and devoured the "Iliad" in three days, or at least that such was his intention. If, like the man in Voltaire, he looked out of the window, and if Cassandra passed with a handful of roses, probably the "Iliad" was not perused in this rapid fashion. However, we ought to know the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" thoroughly before we trouble ourselves with what Father Browne calls "a mass of complex problems which hardly grow less simple as we proceed."

We read him, and we see linguistic problems; problems of the history of religion; problems of the history of society; problems of the distribution of races; problems of land tenure; problems of the evolution of metallurgy; anthropological problems; archaeological problems; problems Mycenaean and Minoan; the whole tumult of Mr. Arthur Evans's problems; the problem of early writing; surging around us like a sea of cross tides and currents. But the greatest of all these is the literary problem: how did two long epics, with it is admitted, a certain unity of plot and interest, come into existence in early Greece?

On this problem Father Browne, if we may make the remark without discourtesy, has practically nothing to say. He has "escaped his own notice" in putting forward no

coherent and consistent hypothesis as to how the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" came to be what they are. He very properly avoids daring guesses: he probably thinks that the time has not come, and may never come, for an hypothesis which, in Mill's phrase, "colligates all the facts." He says that Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Gladstone "were ranged on the side of extravagant Conservatism." One was a poet, the other "not unlike a poet," "and by such persons dry philology or critical science is very easily brushed aside as a mere impertinence." Now, first: the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are poetry, and all poets except Coleridge have been partisans of Homeric unity. About poetry, poets have a right to an opinion: they make it, and, more than a legion of Ficks and Kirchhoffs, they know what poetry is, and how it is made. They know that a great poet does not write nonsense. But knowing this, Fick makes his original and earliest poet of the proto-Iliad send Agamemnon into battle in dressing-gown and slippers! Fick was a leader in "critical science," which profited him to the extent indicated. "But," says Father Browne with great naïveté, "everyday science progresses, and it is strange that even now writers are found who pretend that Homeric questions are to be approached not in the 'scientific' but in the 'literary' spirit. Mr. Lang" (in "Homer and the Epic"), "has adopted this strange and to us unconvincing argument." But he and his accomplices (such as Comparetti, who is the sanest of scholars) "perhaps by science mean science falsely so called."

That is precisely what they *do* mean. Numbers of volumes of "science falsely so called" are poured from the press, in Germany especially, every year. The authors, as Comparetti puts it, pore on the epics through microscopes, looking for these tiny "discrepancies" which Father Browne himself disdains to dwell upon; finding them where they do, and also where they do not exist; and using them as an argument for multiple authorship. These men treat literature as literature cannot be treated, and call the method "critical science." But the Provost of Oriel is not that kind of man; he is, in England, the greatest living Homeric scholar; and he (p. 135) is quoted as one of "the most severe advocates of unity." Yet he is "scientific," the field of philology being his chosen domain. Every sane man sees (even Mr. Lang sees) that, though the Homeric poems are literature, the Homeric problems, like all problems, must be studied in "the scientific spirit," that is, in the spirit of organised common sense. We must know everything that is knowable about the poems; but we must never forget that they are literature. For example, we must know all that philology can tell us about evidences of different stages of syntax and changes in meanings of words. Mr. Monro knows all that, and remains (with reserves for certain passages and even books) one of "the most severe advocates of unity." We must also know all that Mr. Evans, M. Piette, and others can tell us about early writing, from the time of palæolithic man in France, to the earliest and later texts of Crete and the Levant. Obviously the question of the possible early existence of the poems in writing is of the highest importance. But Father Browne practically ignores it. He makes the Achæans "sub-Mycenæan," he allows that the men of the Mycenæan civilisation could write, and yet he dates the transmission of the poems, by means of writing, only from the sixth century B.C. If men could write long before that, why should the poems not have been written long before that?

Another branch of science with which we cannot dispense is the comparative science of literary evolution. We must study it from the songs of Australian black fellows upwards and onwards, through *Volkslieder*, early professional poetry; hymns handed down by oral tradition; poems written in an age when reading was almost never practised; epics said by "science" to have been formed by combining detached lays, and so forth. On this science Father Browne has nothing at all to say; yet of all the many sciences subservient to Homeric studies it is the most important. He does not mention Comparetti's masterly study of the

Kalewala, as a prelude to the study of Homer; of the early mediæval French epics, the *chansons de geste*, he makes no use. He has, really, no hypothesis of the mode in which the Homeric poems became what they are, except that they were moulded under the influence of "schools," after they had reached a certain, or rather uncertain point (pp. 85, 86, 130, 131, 277). What *was* a school? What were the scholars aiming at, what kind of audience had they in their eye, how did they mean to gratify that audience? Why, if there were plenty of "lays," did they work them up into long epics, and how did they do it? We find no answer to these questions; indeed, we find little to show that the author has seriously reflected on these questions, or on the problem of writing in connection with them. What we must misdoubt, the science of statistics, we get in abundance. But our materials are too scanty for real statistical study. We really are not prepared to believe that the highly civilised persons of the so-called early "Achilleid" had not the conception of justice because the word for "just" occurs only three times in the "Iliad"!

The wrath of Achilles arises from nothing but a consciousness of what is just and what is unjust. Read the first three hundred lines of that Book I. of the "Iliad," which our author prefers to the whole of the "Odyssey" (the "Odyssey," to him, is mere "Homer and water!"), and you will see that the whole interest and action turn on what is just and unjust, in the circumstances. The presence or absence of the word *dikaion* has nothing to do with the matter. If we say that an action is "a shame," instead of saying that it is "unjust," are we to be told that we have no sense of justice? And, as other words for the idea occur, though not the word "just," is anything gained by remarking that "so much as the word 'just' or 'holy' does not exist"? (p. 121.) This is carrying the fallacy of the philologist very far!

Anthropology is another science needed by the Homeric student. When he has learned it, he knows that the observations of "critical science" on various modes of disposing of the bodies of the dead (pp. 287-288) rest on ignorance of anthropology. We are not, in this work, given too much science, we are given far too little of that excellent thing. It is an honest, candid, careful, and, within its limits, it is a lucidly arranged book. If it makes its readers think for themselves, if they will read it reflectively, and test the author's conclusions, it will be a very useful manual. Teachers may greatly benefit their pupils by asking them to criticise the author's modes of reasoning.

ANDREW LANG.

THE MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE WAY

Coryat's Crudities. By THOMAS CORYAT. Reprinted from the Edition of 1611. In Two Volumes. (Glasgow: MacLehose & Sons, 25s. net.)

THE name of Thomas Coryat, if mentioned during his lifetime, was more often than not the signal for indulgent laughter, but few men attained so quickly as he did to posthumous fame. Playing at home the part of a hanger-on at Court, a privileged buffoon, he had wit enough, as soon as he gave attention to foreign lands, to turn even his follies to good account, and it is impossible to peruse his racy pages without an ever-broadening smile at the quips and oddities of an adventurer always on such excellent terms with himself and with the world. Since his death, fortune has certainly favoured Coryat in several ways. Few books are more difficult to procure, or even to see, than the famous "Crudities," and the careful reprint which now appears will only enhance the value of those copies of the original which are known to exist, by drawing attention to the personality of the writer: a rare and original being, who has something still to disperse "to the nourishment of the travelling Members of this Kingdome."

The humour of many of the threescore panegyrics, which

themselves accounted to a large extent for the unusual vogue of the book on its first appearance, has of course considerably evaporated with time. But so great a galaxy of genius and talent can hardly be invoked in vain. There is at least one laugh on every page. A certain amount of repetition must be discounted, and the reader will find himself fairly familiar with Coryat's most notable adventures before he has read a line of his author. But it is not every man who could secure a hearing, even with the aid of sixty of the choicer spirits of his time. Ben Jonson, Rowland Cotton, John Donne, Laurence Whitaker, Inigo Jones, Michael Drayton, half in mockery, half in earnest, commend the ingenious Coryat and his diversions to their contemporaries; and their "encomiasticks" of "that observative and long-winded Gentleman" are reinforced by the rhymes, riddles, and macaronics of a good many other professional and unprofessional testimonial-writers. The dedication to Henry, Prince of Wales, and the Epistle to the Reader, strike another note. "Of all the pleasures in the world travell is (in my opinion) the sweetest and most delightfull." Coryat was long before his time in feeling this. He may be said to appeal now to a converted audience. We would all be up and away this moment if we could! To us the note of cautious persuasion rings with an almost pathetic cadence. Coryat was concerned also with the superior critic, only too ready "to chastise the lucubrations of most kinde of writers." He felt with a reasonable sincerity the need of disarming him. On the whole, he need not have been so anxious. He had friends of worth as well as of wit; he had been well received among scholars; he had entered into "a league of friendship" with some of the noblest characters of his time, both at home and abroad. His book was destined to live, to take in the present year a new lease of life, a fact which would have delighted and surprised him, had he been able to foresee it when he hung up his shoes in the little Somersetshire church of Odcombe, nearly three hundred years ago.

As our merry traveller footed it through Europe, his thoughts reverted continually to Odcombe. He had, no doubt, inherited something from his father which made these adventures possible. Some of the poems of George Coryat are appended to the "Crudities," and testify eloquently enough to a son's devotion. Several of his friends gave him considerable credit here. As Richard Badley wrote:

"Yet cannot I suppress, without digrace
The love thou bare thy Natalitall place.
For in the midst of thy most Alpish waies,
When ruinous rocks did threat to end thy daies,
No doubt, thou couldst have wisht thyself at home,
To live, and lay thy bones in sweete Odcombe.
But after thou hadst past those furious pikes,
Which feare and terrour to the Pilgrime strikes;
And did the Garden of our world descric,
Within the wombe of fertill Lombardie;
Immortal Mantua could not steale thy love,
Nor once from Odcombe thine affections move.
Wherein, Ulysses-like, thou didst display
Such love, as he bore to his Ithaca."

This is a fair example of the "panegyrics." But though Coryat was not destined to lay his bones at Odcombe, he has left that remote village a bequest worth having. It is no wonder that the custodians of the place preserved his shoes until, presumably, they fell to pieces.

Sir Archibald Geikie has lately reminded us that appreciation of the glories of the Alps, of mountains generally, is a thing of quite recent growth. The panegyrist just quoted was obviously impressed by his friend's hardihood: he was hardly envious of his fortune. But Coryat himself, though he might have been puzzled by the attitude, for instance, of a Ruskin, did not leave his faculty of observation dormant when he was passing through the mighty and miraculous scenes of divine handiwork with which we in our day are, in a sense, almost too familiar. His notes are those of the man who finds good in everything.

"I saw many flockes of goats in Savoy, which they penne at night in certaine low roomes under their dwelling houses. On every Alpe I

saw wonderfull abundance of pine-trees, especially about the toppe and many of them of a very great heighth and betwixt the toppe and the foote there are in many of these mountains wilde Olive-trees, Chestnut-trees, Walnuts, Beeches, Hasel-trees, &c. The whole side of a hill being replenished with all these sorts of trees."

Then he discourses of the dangers. The risks of avalanche and landslide are realistically set forth. He points out that boulders the size of those of "Stoneage by the towne of Amesbury in Wiltshire" may slip betimes across your path; he is amazed at the "stupendous heighth" of the mountains. And then he turns with evident relief to the consideration of butterflies. His pictures are vivid and varied. The contrast and yet the similarity of custom, costume and life in the countries visited, regarded from a modern standpoint, are so remarkable as to set the ordinary moderately-travelled reader thinking pleasantly at every turn. Coryat came home to be laughed at for using a fork, a strange and finicking habit learned in Italy, but hardly approved by his own robust countrymen. Here he showed his sense, but all foreign habits were not equally to his liking. He was greatly exercised over the high beds of Savoy, the clumsy bed-coverings of Germany, and occasionally offended by the outlandish head-dresses of women in various parts. He is free-spoken on most social topics, if somewhat sensitive to the ridicule of which he was often the victim at home; and yet his protestations of personal virtue are quite convincing. And there are numerous sidelights. In Venice he saw women act, a thing which seemed an innovation: "though I have heard that it hath beene sometimes used in London." He dips into history and ecclesiology. His attitude is seldom insular. His eyes are open to receive all sorts of impressions; it is entirely to his credit that the unsurpassable beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic stands out admirably in his vivacious pages.

Coryat's five months' itinerary included that very portion of Europe which is most accessible to ourselves. A tourist with time on his hands might do worse than follow so genial a guide over the same ground. Methods of transport have changed, but that is all to the good. A Coryat may become a pedestrian by necessity, or a Belloc from choice: most of us will be wise to avail ourselves of the latest appliances of steam and electricity; and if we use the time thus saved in acquiring the skill of pioneers like Coryat, we may deserve as well as he does the thanks of those who come after.

MAN IN NATURE

The Evolution of Man. By ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by JOSEPH McCABE. Two vols. (Watts, 45s.)

THE problem of the origin of life, and of man in particular, has always exercised a peculiar fascination over the human mind. In these latter days, while many have contrived to satisfy their thirst for information on this subject by the adoption of ancient and venerable traditions, others have ventured to push their inquiries further, though in so doing, they bring down upon themselves the charge of impious curiosity.

Our great countryman, Darwin, did more in his lifetime to lift the veil of this great mystery than had been done in all the centuries before him. But so firmly had the old traditions established themselves that the gift of his labours to the world caused his name and all that it stood for to become *anathema* to the multitude. Execration poured from the throats of well-nigh the whole civilised community of the world. A few, however, of the more advanced minds grasped the immense importance of the new revelation, and among these Huxley in our country and Haeckel in Germany stand out conspicuously. It became evident to them that the old idea of creation must give place to the scheme of evolution propounded by the Master. And they ceased not, day nor night, to insist on this fact.

Professor Haeckel did for Germany what Huxley did for

this country; and now, thanks to the work of the translator, Haeckel's contributions to this tremendous issue are almost as familiar among us as those of Huxley. But there is a great difference in the attitude of these two men with regard to the interpretation of the now famous Darwinian theory. Huxley, while convinced of the truth of evolution, never adopted Darwin's principle of "Natural Selection" which accounted for this evolution. For him the evidence, irresistible in so far as evolution was concerned, was not strong enough to support the hypothesis of selection. With Haeckel it was otherwise. Gifted with an exuberant and fertile imagination he has, in the minds of the more cautious, not seldom outrun the bounds of legitimate inference: he has pushed his conclusions further than the evidence warrants. This criticism applies, however, rather to matters of detail than to broad principles.

Like Huxley, Haeckel has spared no effort to place the fruits of the new learning before the lay public, believing that the right conception of this earth and its inhabitants, even though it may clash with preconceived notions, is far more likely to make for righteousness than to bring about the evils which the timid prophesied.

When the hypothesis propounded in the "Origin of Species" first saw the light, a thrill of horror ran through society. But when the "Descent of Man" appeared, it was felt indeed that the foundations of morality and religion would be undermined if the propagation of ideas so blasphemous were tolerated: and bell, book, and candle were vigorously used. After a while, when the excitement had subsided somewhat, and men began to examine this ogre that had excited such alarm, they found him surprisingly comely. To-day even those who occupy our pulpits are not a little proud of displaying the fact that they are on speaking terms with him.

Just now we are entering on an acute phase of this consequence of the invasion of the Darwinian theory. All the outer forts were captured long since, but the inner citadel yet remains in the hands of a few irreconcilables. While admitting defeat on the main issue, they still refuse to allow the application of the evolution theory to man himself. They are goaded into action by a sword of their own forging, to wit, that they cannot bring themselves to admit their descent from apes. This very exclusive attitude is really quite unnecessary, for the evolution theory demands no such admission. The human race, and the apes, have both come from the same common stock. Whether they accept this or not is after all immaterial.

With a view to the hastening of their capitulation, the great siege guns of Professor Haeckel have been modified, so to speak, so as to become available for the bombardment of that portion of the fort held by the English-speaking defenders. Huxley long since initiated the attack in a series of crushing arguments familiar to most of our readers under the title of "Man's Place in Nature." Haeckel's work adds nothing to this of any importance, but it amplifies the evidence. He gathers the public into one vast lecture-room, so to speak, and there unfolds the story of evolution piece by piece: beginning with the lowest of living animals and leading up to man himself; he shows them the warp and woof of life, and demonstrates the working of the looms.

The two handsome volumes before us have been admirably translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition of the German work. The abstruse and puzzling phenomena of embryology occupy the whole of the first volume; and this will be found hard reading indeed to those who have no practical acquaintance with the subject. The second volume is devoted to the vexed problem of our ancestry—beginning with the lowest forms of life and working upwards through "Our Worm-like Ancestors," "Our Fish-like Ancestors," "Our Five-toed Ancestors," and "Our Ape-like Ancestors." But besides these we have some luminous chapters on the evolution of the nervous system, sense organs, vascular system, and so on. A summary on the "results of anthropogeny" closes the book.

In spite of the infinite pains which the author and trans-

lator have taken, it is open to question whether the vast mass of information here collected will prove capable of assimilation by those for whom it is prepared. There are, however, a large and rapidly increasing number of people who, if they cannot digest the contents of these tomes in their entirety, will at least find in them not only a source of unfailing interest, but also a mine of facts, the bearing of which they can fully grasp.

Haeckel, as we have already remarked, differs markedly from Huxley in his mental attitude towards this great question, and this is painfully evident in his aggressiveness. He is not content with proving the sweet reasonableness of the Evolution theory: he makes no secret of the fact that he desires at the same time to deal a death blow to the Creed of Christendom. Having succeeded, he proposes to give the world a new dogma—Monism!

The monistic or mechanical philosophy of Nature:

"holds that only unconscious, necessary, efficient causes are at work in the whole field of nature, in organic life, as well as in inorganic changes."

For Professor Haeckel the monistic is the only possible philosophy. It is the soul of these two ponderous volumes; it crops up in the most unexpected places, and jostles arrogantly against the prevailing creed of to-day as though it were already dispossessed. While the triumph of Evolution is assured, it is by no means so certain that this new cult of Professor Haeckel's will achieve a like success. To our thinking these volumes would have lost nothing by the suppression of his philosophy. A little of the leaven of speculation can do no harm when introduced into the magma of scientific fact, but in excess the whole becomes so extremely vacuolated as to be too frail for service. Monism at present can only be looked upon as a sort of nebulous philosophy, and this does not come within the pale of Science.

In the first of these two volumes Professor Haeckel refers very briefly to the study—yet in its infancy—of experimental embryology: and to the very remarkable phenomena of parthenogenesis, or virgin birth. The latter is a subject which may well have stimulated the desire of the reader for more facts. For the very latest discoveries, then, in these subjects we would refer him to two volumes just published by Professor Jacques Loeb ("Studies in General Physiology": Unwin). In many respects Professor Loeb reminds us of Haeckel. He deals with the most complex problems, and the most obscure phenomena of life, as though but one interpretation were possible. Thus in a chapter on Geotropism and another on the Heliotropism of animals he appears to regard his subjects as automata. Many of the phenomena he describes are capable of quite another interpretation, however. Most of us, for example, could regard the light or shade seeking proclivities of these creatures as the result of the operation of natural selection: that is to say, whether they shun the light or seek it has been determined by the nature of the food they live upon or the enemies they have to avoid. Nocturnal animals are generally regarded as the descendants of those who sought shelter by day to escape persecution, those of their kind who persistently roamed about having become wiped out of existence. The positively heliotropic animals of Professor Loeb are, however, positively heliotropic because the pangs of hunger compel them to be so; they have no choice between being positively heliotropic or positively starved. Professor Loeb contends that these creatures are either heliotropic or the reverse because they are, so to speak, born so. The protoplasm of their bodies is controlled absolutely by the presence or absence of light: and willy nilly they must hide or come abroad, as 'tis their nature to.

But these essays, which deal with a variety of questions of a similar kind, are all of the highest value; and by the biologist, at any rate, they will be read and re-read with genuine pleasure. They form a solid contribution to our knowledge of the phenomena of life.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

A Summer in Skye. By ALEXANDER SMITH. (Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay, and Mitchell, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Alexander Smith conveys little to the modern reader. The head of the once famous spasmodic school has passed from the realms of literature into which he was once welcomed as an abiding star, renowned for writing lines that had "the true Shakespearean touch." He was the son of a designer for lace in Kilmarnock, and followed his father's occupation till the age of twenty-one, when he published his poem, "A Life Drama," which was received with acclamation and at once went through many editions. Edinburgh University, with that characteristic interest in the poorer genius of its country which distinguishes it from the English Universities, appointed him secretary to its Senatus, a post he held till his death in 1867 at the age of thirty-six. He wrote very little after his appointment—a novel, which appeared in *Good Words*, dealing with the life of pattern designers, a book of essays called "Dreamthorp," and a delightful journal, "A Summer in Skye," which has just now been most happily reissued. R. L. Stevenson, when he *did* praise Edinburgh, has not excelled Smith in his introduction to this book:

"Of all British cities, Edinburgh—Weimar-like in its intellectual and æsthetic leanings, Florence-like in its freedom from the stains of trade, and more than Florence-like in its beauty—is the one best suited for the conduct of a lettered life. The city as an entity does not stimulate like London, the present moment is not nearly so intense, life does not roar and chafe—it murmurs only; and this interest of the hour, mingled with something of the quietude of distance and the past—which is the spiritual atmosphere of the city—is the most favourable of all conditions for intellectual work or intellectual enjoyment. In Edinburgh you do not require to create quiet for yourself; you can have it ready-made. Life is leisurely; but it is not the leisure of a village, arising from a deficiency of ideas and motives—it is the leisure of a city reposing grandly on tradition and history, which has done its work, which does not require to weave its own clothing, to dig its own coals, to smelt its own iron. And then in Edinburgh, above all British cities, you are released from the vulgarising dominion of the hour. The past confronts you at every street corner. The castle looks down out of history on its gayest thoroughfare. The winds of fable are blowing across Arthur's Seat. Old kings dwelt in Holyrood. Go out of the city where you will, the past attends you like a cicerone."

And so on. Smith's appreciation of Edinburgh is only equalled by his delight in Skye, where the ghost of Ossian calls to him in the blast of the tempest, where spirits hover round the misty mountain-peaks and the visions of second sight and the prophecies of seers meet him on the wet moorlands and in the lonely glens where silence is even to the poet tangible and horrible. He writes poems in the rainy weather, goes to rustic merry-makings, sits by peat fires, and hears old tales that stir the heroic blood or make it creep in fear, and sees and shoots birds or catches fish that were more plentiful then, alas, in the western islands of the bards, than to-day. Go to Skye, and Alexander Smith is no companion to be scoffed at. Perhaps there are some left who have treasured legend and song since he rejoiced in them.

"Who can relate the deaths of the people, who the deeds of mighty heroes, when Fingal, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of Lochlin? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena."

In an essay this passionate admirer of that sounding past writes:

"I would rather be remembered by a song than by a victory. I would rather build a fine sonnet than have built St. Paul's. I would rather be the discoverer of a new image than the discoverer of a new planet. Fine phrases I value more than bank-notes. I have ear for no other harmony than the harmony of words. To be occasionally quoted is the only fame I care for."

It is a gladness that one stone has been raised over this pathetic grave of high hopes, and that oblivion has been routed for the moment from the spot she was covering with moss and weed.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

The Physical Culture Life. By H. I. HANCOCK. (Putnam, 5s.)

THIS is an American book, interesting as such, but not well adapted to English needs. The illustration of the female figure is American, not English. Some of the best known of the English Physical Culture Systems are not mentioned. There is a certain amount of excellent advice which has already been given in more than one English book.

Not only is the book more suitable for American than for English people; it is not well adapted to modern city-life. Of what use to recommend the open-air existence to those whose living depends on office-work? Surely city-life is now established and must be taken for granted. It is no remedy of the modern difficulty to bid people live in the open air or in the country. That is good enough for their holidays, but it is useless for their week-day existence, except in early mornings and summer evenings.

Mr. Hancock has already told us in more than one book that the Japanese System of Physical Training is the best; he has already told us what the Japanese diet is, and in his description he errs far from the exact facts, just as if they had no fish, eggs, and other extras. They do *not* live on rice: the poor people simply cannot afford much of it. As to the Japanese system of exercise, undoubtedly it suits the Japanese. But does it suit the British people? It may or it may not. Mr. Hancock's idea is perpetual resistance, as far as one can see. Never is there anywhere a free hand. Never is there due advice about muscular economy. It is constant *work* with sticks and things to grip, constant effort against obstacles. The hands never, never, never shall be free. The trunk movements are good, but many of them belong to other systems. Why should the extremities always be made to grip and exert themselves, when it is the trunk-muscles which we want to strengthen. Surely even the Swedish plan is better than the Hancockian: it attributes no special virtue to a thing because there is strain in it. If the same amount of health can be obtained easily, why always go in for difficulty?

And what about Anglo-Saxon games? One would think from Mr. Hancock's book that they did not exist or that they were not worth mentioning. Apparently nothing can be done with them; except for rowing, &c., they are to be swept away almost altogether; Japanese Jujitsu is to be substituted. There must not be football, but stick-practice. There must not be lawn tennis, but some strain-work. There must not be archery, but pulling at a sort of towel. At least, this is the general impression left by the book.

It seems to the present writer that much of the advice would be useful if only more stress were laid on physical repose and *economy*, which is at least half of the physical culture life, as of the commercial life; and if we started from games as already existing. We have established institutions in England. We have not only games, but also gymnasia; they are national. To these we may add *some* Jujitsu, *some* Hancockian devices. But it is surely better, as in political and other reforms, to begin with what exists and is interesting, and to adapt such things to daily life, and daily life to such things.

As to open air, no one can deny that it is admirable, that it is good as an antidote and change; but for seventy-five per cent. of us it is not feasible as a constant habit. Weak and dependent must be the man who is healthy only in open air.

So also the Japanese system is good as a change, and indeed as part of the foundation of physical life, but it does not already exist among us, and Mr. Hancock is apparently unaware that English people on the whole do not like radical changes. The book, once again, is not adapted for the English character. The author has not a deep acquaintance with us. And the Japanese system, as set forth by Mr. Hancock, is not a complete one.

A man, to write for a nation, must understand its interests, as well as its supposed needs. Mr. Hancock understands some general needs of some people, especially during holidays, but does not seem to understand the

interests or the conditions of the majority. He has not studied what already exists in schools and elsewhere throughout England.

His is no new gospel, no feasible gospel for most of us on most days of the week. And the feasible parts of his suggestions have already occurred in other books, which receive no mention from him.

EUSTACE MILES.

TO —

(Alcaics in Stone's phonetic prosody)

FAIR has befallen your extravagant studies,
Francis, yet urge I counsel of excellence:
Seek beauty but shun glory, shun her,
Thy peril and very heart's corrupter.

Not perseverance nor flattering fashion
Can e'er assure us posterity's homage;
Which only good-fortune, commanding
Genius and giddy chance, awardeth.

How few attempting leave a memorial!
"Heartlessly hard is thy metal, O Corinth,
To grave on, and Thy snowy marble
Mocks the cunning chisel, O Carrara!"

Do what delights you, but to the love for it
Bring no ally. Ah, his delicate passion,
His temper austere, who produceth
In happy hour an immortal offspring!

As life is of life, and spirit of spirit,
His grace of ancient inheritance cometh:
His work is inspir'd with divine breath,
And it ariseth a lively creature.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE ANCESTRAL SECRET

My father and mother both hid from me
The Wonderful Story of Romany;
And my forehead was signed with the Christian sign
To quiet this Romany blood of mine.

But the Bird of the Secret flew out from the wild
And told me that I was a Romany child;
And my blood began dancing through every vein
As the Wonderful Story grew mine again!

O, I swear, by the crowns of the Wandering Kings,
My blood shall run true to the Ancient Things—
And the life I will live is the life of the free,
For my heart is the heart of a Romany!

CHARLES DALMON.

PRIZE POETS

THE British public is prejudiced against prize poets. It believes that they come to no good—that at the best they subside into country livings and take pupils, paying for the precocity of their youth by the obscure mediocrity of their middle age. Happily, however, there are such things as Honours Registers, in which the rebutting evidence remains on record. We have only to run our eyes down a list of Newdigate prize men, and of the winners of the corresponding prize at Cambridge, in order to see that the writing of prize poetry may lead anywhere—even to Parnassus. Two very eminent poets of the Victorian period both won these prizes at their respective Universities. The entry in the Oxford Register is as follows:

1843. *Cromwell*. Matthew Arnold. Balliol.

And the corresponding Cambridge entry is:

1829. *Timbuctoo*. Alfred Tennyson. Trinity.

This is a good start. It is not easy to name any poets of equal rank who ought to have won the prizes but did not. When Wordsworth was at Cambridge, the prize had not yet been instituted. Shelley was expelled from Oxford, and Mr. Swinburne went down without taking his degree (though he stayed long enough to win the Taylorian prize for French). Browning was not a University man, nor was Rossetti. The only names whose absence from the lists provokes astonishment—perhaps in different degree—are those of William Morris, of Exeter, and Sir Lewis Morris, then of Jesus, and subsequently of Penbryn.

Obviously the examiners cannot be expected to find a poet of the first rank to take the prize every year; but they have "spotted" a good many poets who were something considerably more than versifiers, and a still larger number of men of letters destined to distinction in other branches of the art of literature. Suppose we analyse the Oxford list, taking the poets first, and carefully confining ourselves to well-known names. In addition to Matthew Arnold, we find these six:

1827. *Pompeii*. Robert Stephen Hawker. Magdalen Hall.

1852. *The Feast of Belshazzar*. Edwin Arnold. University.

1857. *The Temple of Janus*. Philip Stanhope Worsley. Corpus.

1860. *The Escorial*. John Addington Symonds. Balliol.

1880. *Sir Walter Raleigh*. James Rennell Rodd. Balliol.

1890. *Persephone*. Robert Laurence Binyon. Trinity.

To which list the names of two poets, best known as hymnodists, and one poet, also known as a Lord Chancellor and as the compiler of a sacred anthology, must be added:

1803. *Palestine*. Reginald Heber. Brasenose.

1832. *Staffa*. Roundell Palmer. Trinity.

1836. *The Knights of St. John*. Frederick William Faber. University.

Now we will take the other men of letters, classifying as best we can, though the classification is hardly possible without cross divisions. We find, to begin with, two novelists:

1871. *The Isthmus of Suez*. William Hurrell Mallock. Balliol.

1898. *The Pilgrim Fathers*. John Buchan. Brasenose.

One dramatist:

1878. *Ravenna*. Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde. Magdalen.

Four critics—two of them of literature, and the remaining two of art—to whose names we will add that of a translator of Virgil, who is also the author of a notable biography of William Morris:

1839. *Salsette and Elephantia*. John Ruskin. Christ Church.

1842. *Charles the Twelfth*. John Campbell Shairp. Balliol.

1874. *The three hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Shakespeare*. William John Courthope. New College.

1881. *Thermopylae*. John William Mackail. Balliol.

1882. *The Fall of Carthage*. Dugald Sutherland MacColl. Lincoln.

Four divines, not less distinguished in literature than in divinity:

1812. *The Belvedere Apollo*. Henry Hart Milman. Brasenose.

1837. *The Gypsies*. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Balliol.

1845. *Petra*. John William Burgon. Worcester.

1854. *The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyon*. Frederick George Lee. St. Edmund Hall.

Two editors—one of the *Alpine Journal*, and the other of the *Times*:

1866. *Virgil reading his Æneid to Augustus and Octavia*. George Yeld. Brasenose.

1875. *Livingstone*. George Earle Buckle. New College.

And one publisher—the present managing director of the house of Chapman and Hall—whom we see, in the following entry, sitting, without any other publisher to keep him in countenance, upon his pinnacle of glory:

1888. *Gordon in Africa*. Arthur Waugh. New College.

Our list, clearly, is one not of respectable nonentities, but of distinguished men, though, naturally, of men of letters rather than of men of action. Some of the men of letters, however, have been men of action too. Lord Selborne and Sir Rennell Rodd, now British Minister at Stockholm, are the most notable cases in point; and there

is the name of at any rate one other notable man of action to be added :

1846. *Settlers in Australia*. George Osborne Morgan. Balliol.

The world knows Mr. Osborne Morgan mainly for his advocacy of the claims of Nonconformists to be buried in consecrated ground; but in 1846, his aspirations were as follows :

Who that has wandered by the ocean shore,
His full soul echoing to the wild waves' roar,
Feels not their spirit as a thrilling bond,
Linking his fancy to the worlds beyond,
Till his rapt thoughts exulting, yearn to stray
With the wan billows glimm'ring far away?
Earth has her barriers, but thou, Mighty Sea,
Bidst man be One, divisionless, like thee.

So much for the Oxford poets. The Cambridge list is not so long, as the prize for poetry was instituted at a later date, and, on the whole, it is less distinguished; but there also we find some names remembered for other achievements than the winning of the prize. The first is that of Whewell, who wrote, in 1814, on "Boadicea," and used his poetical licence to defy grammar in the line: "Yes, Roman; use thy triumph whilst thou may." Then come the names of Macaulay and Praed, who each won the prize twice, and E. G. L. Bulwer of Trinity Hall, whom we know as the first Lord Lytton. William Wordsworth's brother Christopher, Master of Trinity, took the prize in 1827, and Tennyson, as has been mentioned, took it in 1829. The next famous winner is H. J. S. Maine of Pembroke, who is to be identified with Sir Henry Maine, illustrious for his works on Roman Law. The F. W. Farrar who won in 1852 is the Dean and the author of "Eric." The F. W. H. Myers of Trinity, who won in 1861, is the F. W. H. Myers who is famous in connection with psychical research. The S. Colvin of Trinity, the winner of 1865, is Mr. Sidney Colvin, Curator of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum; and the other winners whose names the world in general knows are Mr. T. E. Page of Saint John's (1872), the best of all editors of Horace, and Mr. A. R. Ropes of King's (1881) who, under the pseudonym of Adrian Ross, writes poetry of a kind which his academic performances did not foreshadow.

It may be easy to say which of the prize-winners was the greatest poet, though we need not turn aside here to weigh the relative merits of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. It would be more interesting, but more difficult, to decide which of them wrote the best prize poem; but if the question were narrowed to: Which of the poems contained the best line? then the answer would hardly be doubtful. On two occasions, at least, the Newdigate is said to have been awarded on the strength of the merits of a single line, and, as the best of good lines always owes something to its context, it may be worth while to print the two passages here, leaving readers to adjudicate between them. The first comes from Mr. D. S. MacColl's poem of "The Fall of Carthage":

But better still in slumber-slanting ease
To be beside the falling of the seas,
To listen and to listen till the tune
Of all the life of all the afternoon
Deepens to one note of a long distress—
The monotone of everlastingness.

A striking line, and not unworthy of the prize; but does not Dean Burgon perhaps surpass it in this—his description of Petra:

Not virgin white—like that old Doric shrine
Where once Athena held her rites divine:
Not saintly grey—like many a minster fane
That crowns the hill or sanctifies the plain:
But rosy red—as if the blush of dawn
Which first beheld them were not yet withdrawn:
The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
Which men called old two thousand years ago.
Match me such marvel, save in Eastern clime—
A rose-red city—half as old as time.

Comparing either of these extracts with Praed's or Macaulay's rhetoric, one realises at once that rhetoric and poetry are very different things.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE DORSET POET

MORE than a hundred years have passed since William Barnes first opened his baby eyes to the light in that corner of the beloved county which he has since immortalised. There amid the "zwellen" downs, the green meads and zedgy brooks," of which he has so often blithely sung, the meditative child drank in ample store of the tranquil delight which he has since managed to communicate to thousands of readers. The spirit of nature itself breathes through his poems, their very artlessness renders them the more impressive. The right phrase comes to him instinctively, without any of that searching for effect so obvious in the work of many writers of our time. He is quite unconsciously pictorial—no, the word does him wrong: it is the scene itself which he brings before us. Take this from "The Shepherd o' the Farm":

"An' I bezide a hawthorn-tree,
Do zit upon the zunny down
While sheädes o' zummer clouds do vlee
Wi' silent flight along the groun'.
An' there, among the many cries
O' sheep an' lambs, my dog do pass
A zultry hour, wi' blinken eyes,
An' nose a-stratch'd upon the grass."

Or, again, this from "Thatchèn o' the Rick":

"As I wer out in meäd last week,
A-thatchèn o' my little rick,
There green young ee-grass ankle-high
Did sheen below the cloudless sky;
An' over hedge in tother groun',
Among the bennets dry an' brown,
My dun wold meäre, wi' neck a-freed
From Zummer work, did snort an' veed;
An' in the sheäde o' leafy boughs,
My vew wold ragged-cwoated cows,
Did rub their zides upon the rails,
Or switch 'em wi' their heäry tails."

With the same directness and simplicity he can touch upon the joys and sorrows of the untutored heart. No one can sing the bliss of "maidens gay wi' playsome chaps" more tunefully than he. He chronicles the charms of his "feär Jeanes" and his "blushen Fannys" with most hearty goodwill. He records the humble, wholesome delights of hay-makings, and harvest homes, and the like, with characteristic vividness, and he can touch more delicate strings with a sure and sympathetic finger:

"Ah! sad wer we as we did peäce
The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce

Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough
Wi' spreaden eärms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the train he took
My wife, wi' winsomegait an' look;
An' then zent on my little maid
A-skippen onward, overjay'd.

An' then, a-wheelen roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook,
An' in the fourth, a-sheäken wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maid in black
A-walken softly on her track;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white eärms, an' they stood still."

To turn over the pages of Barnes is to breathe fresh air, to feast our eyes on green fields, to hear the "russlèn hay" or the slow swaying of the "benden bulrush"; always with that extraordinary impression of actuality. To the crowded dweller in cities his poems should indeed be a boon; the dialect may at first repel, but once mastered will be found to lend additional charm. Such words as

"bennets" (flower stalks), "blooth" (fruit blossom), "kecks" (stems of hemlock or cow-parsley), are wonderfully suggestive of the things described, while surely "bibber" (to shake with cold), "ngang" (to mock), "coll" (to embrace), are more expressive than the counterparts to which we are accustomed.

Some of Barnes' phrases are as felicitous as any to be found in the works of better-known and more highly prized poets.

"An' when the evenin' shy wex fülle
We heard the warblen nightengeale,
A-drawn out his wlonesome zong,
In winden music down the drong.

Though nothen yet did come in zight,
A-stirren on the strayen stream."

Barnes was a scholar and a philologist, but above all a lover of nature, and especially of his own native Dorset, where, even in this bustling twentieth century, nature still rules supreme. Yes, though "the white road up a-thirt the hill" is ploughed by traction engines; though, mingling with the scent of new-mown hay and meadowsweet and honeysuckle, is the lingering aroma of the motor-car which blithely runs over the shepherd's dog and fills the heart of the cottage-mother with fear; even though "Jeâne" and "Fanny" stand in their doorways, wearing the latest mode of blouse, and confining their waving locks with Hinde's hair-curlers, even still the Dorset of to-day is the Dorset of William Barnes. The railroad may cleave the landscape, yet it disturbs in but small measure the prevailing placidity; at the wayside station you may still hear the pipe of a blackbird in a neighbouring copse, or the jubilant song of a lark springing upwards from the young corn. The ploughboy, whistling as he plods the furrow, scarce turns his head to look after the vanishing automobile, the distant hoot of which is soon lost amid homely farmyard sounds; the heavy cloud of smoke that hangs a moment or two in the clear air, as the traction-engine with its attendant train of grimy waggons clatters along, is dispelled by the first sweet fresh breeze from the downs.

Modern life bustles on, and leaves Dorset as it found it, peaceful, unspoilt, solitary. Man is insignificant in the midst of these great fields, these open spaces; the beauty of these "woody hollows," the width and freedom of the downs, shame narrow aims and sordid ambitions. The only life that matters here is country life, the natural life, with the good earth under one's feet and the open sky above—a life spent amid growing things and dumb friendly beasts.

It is a satisfaction to think that Barnes, despite the eighty-six long years of life during which science and civilisation made more rapid progress than at any other period of the world's history, should have left his Dorset in so many respects unchanged; it is, I repeat, even more satisfactory to reflect that the Dorset which he loved is in existence at this day. At a stone's throw from the dusty high-road one may still light upon many a hamlet where life has been at a standstill for the last hundred years. Here are cottages with wonderful thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows, little gardens where sweet-william and phlox, lavender and lad's-love grow in delicious profusion. "Grammer," in her gathered bonnet, draws water from the well; "Grandfer," a shepherd in a white smock-frock, wanders homewards crook in hand; a group of children playing in the lane are chanting the old charm as they rub their chubby legs with dock-leaves: *Out nettle, in dock. In dock, out sting.* The unusual height of this privet-hedge is due to the fact of a witch's proximity. Her neighbours don't like to be "overlooked." She is a kindly old body nevertheless, and uses her power for good; on the topmost shelf of her dresser she keeps a store of herbs, being of opinion that "the Lard did make a cure for everything if one can but find it." She has removed hundreds of warts, not by any actual application to the sufferer's hand, but by picking some particular weed on some particular day and allowing it to wither slowly: as a natural sequence the wart withers, too, and finally disappears.

In spite of hair-curlers and "fayshionable" blouses, in spite even of the advance of education, "the maidens gay and playsome chaps" of Dorset still converse in their own vigorous Doric, the hiring fair is a standing institution; dairy-farming is carried on according to the methods which no doubt prevailed in Barnes' time: the dairyman leasing the cows, and not the land, from the owner, who is obliged to replace all who die or become useless, and even to supply the major part of the animals' winter provender.

Long may this simple, patriarchal, pastoral state of things endure. Long may Dorset remain the "Do'set dear" of which its poet sang. Long may Dorset folks enjoy the "happy, happy life" which the kindly old man so warmly wished them.

The singer has been asleep now for many years, but the "music o' the dead," which he himself knew well how to value, lives on for all who care to hearken to it.

M. E. FRANCIS.

FICTION

Dorset Dear. By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). (Longmans, 6s.)

HUNDREDS of admiring readers who know nothing of the art of story-telling acknowledge the grace and charm of Mrs. Blundell's tales, and welcome any new book from her pen with keen pleasure. Other readers who understand all that goes to the making of such admirable stories add a spice of envy to their admiration. The materials are so slight, the incidents so ordinary, and yet the finished sketches are so delightful in their strong and kindly human interest, warm with the glow of sympathetic understanding, and bright with gleams of gentle humour. We cannot recall any failure among the seventeen tales reprinted here from various periodicals: each one seems as if it must be the best until the next is read. There is only one thing we should have preferred otherwise: the saddest story should not have been kept for the last. It is always desirable to end a thoroughly enjoyable book with a smile rather than with a sigh. These tales embrace a variety of incidents and emotions, grave and gay, no one trenching upon the borders of another; and the characters are distinct types of Dorset-folk, who are fortunate indeed in the makers of their songs and idylls. Where the interest is so evenly distributed it is almost unfair to single out any particular example for commendation. "Witch Ann" gives a pretty and touching account of the way a harmless old woman came to be considered a witch by her neighbours, and her own belief in the dread possibility of it. "The Spur of the Moment," and "The Worm that Turned," present amusing pictures of unromantic rustic wooings. "A Woodland Idyll" and "Postman Chris" are charming love-stories. In "The Majesty of the Law" an old-fashioned farmer is bewildered and indignant at the appointment of a girl collector of rates. He admires the maid, but stands out on principle against paying his rates to her, for all that she has the law behind her:

"Now, look 'ee here, my maid," said Jacob; "if you come to this, 'tis you that be a-tryin' to bully I. I've a-set my face again this 'ere notion. No respectable young 'ooman did ought to go a-trapesin' fro' one house to t'other, a-puttin' herself for'ard and a-coaxin' folks out o' their money whether it be for the Government or whether it bain't. 'Tis a question between us two which can hold out longest. Now if you was to give in to I—"

In the end Jacob solves all difficulties by the brilliant idea of marrying the maid, and thereby saving his dignity and removing her from the temptation to follow a masculine occupation for her living. There is no other writer of country stories who gives us quite the combination of qualities to be found in Mrs. Blundell's work. There is something in it better than cleverness and skill: the truth, charm, and goodness of it leave a grateful memory of pleasant hours in delightful company.

Hay Fever. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK and GUY C. POLLOCK. (Longmans, 3s. 6d.)

THIS story has already appeared in serial form, and it is pleasant to be able to read it through without a break, that the smile aroused by the opening pages may be allowed to broaden into uninterrupted laughter without the repeated intervention of a month of chequered existence. Few things are benefited by protraction; and a joke is not one of them. *Hay Fever* is a capital farce, and none the less amusing that the authors are slightly indebted to others in certain parts of their book, for a true imp of the sacred Comic Spirit was by them during the book's making and his jolly presence is manifest on almost every page. Mr. Henry Tempest, stockbroker, is suffering from a severe attack of the malady which gives the book its title; to cure it he takes an overdose of an Egyptian remedy, recommended by a friend with a careless turn for archæology. The effects of this overdose are amazing and most mischievous. The stockbroker is transformed from a staid and benevolent man of middle-age into a boy of pranks, suavely jubilant in the proper execution of his mad schemes. He has one frantic day of irresponsible delight, and his adventures, from the time when he assumes the disguise of a famous detective to the sad moment in the evening when he collapses, soaked with rain and tired with running, behind the screen in his friend's drawing-room, carry one on from peal to peal of laughter. Certainly it is an excellent farce and no one who is in sympathy, however furtive, with fun, should miss it.

The Hill: a Romance of Friendship. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Murray, 6s.)

MANY men have thought with vain longing how good it would be to live again through the days of boyhood without relinquishing the wisdom of experience. *Referat si Jupiter annos* is no uncommon cry; for memory plays as fanciful pranks as hope, and dwells, wisely enough maybe, on the rosy moments, encouraging them to spread their glow over the dark hours. Wrapped up with such feelings, there is, no doubt, much that is both sentimental and false; there is equally, beyond doubt, much that remains vividly real; and nothing more memorably real than the love of the old school. It is a thing apart; unlike anything else in life, a thing about which it is not possible to argue, for no one who has not felt it can properly understand its strength and vitality. This spirit of devotion lives in Mr. Vachell's book and animates it. His boys are cleverly conventional types, nicely contrasted and distinguished, his incidents familiar to all readers of stories of school-life. But what raises his book above the ordinary level of such stories and connects it with life, is the love of Harrow. The corporate life of the school is here, though the individual boys do not live; and in this respect "*The Hill*" offers an exact contrast to "*Stalky & Co.*," that work of genius which is at once intolerable and fascinating to all right-minded public-school boys. Mr. Vachell writes with such tact and delicacy that we do not think his book will offend either Harrovians or those who love another school. The sharp eye of criticism will be alert for any error in taste, but it will find none. The book contains something peculiarly excellent, something which, without being vulgarly patriotic, happens to be peculiarly British—the corporate spirit of a great public school.

The Macdonnells. By J. A. C. SYKES. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE dedication to Jonathan Swift and to "the living personality of George Bernard Shaw" suggests that this book is mainly connected with the state of Ireland. But this is not the case. Though Irish questions occasionally arise, they are only side issues, and are quickly dismissed, after the proper notes of anger and dismay have been touched. Lady Sykes writes of society some five and forty years ago. She lays bare once again the hypocrisy inherent in the narrow Puritanism which flourished at that time; the hard religious snobbery against which Thackeray was never tired of inveighing. Mrs. Macdonnell, a mother

of the old school, who demands instant obedience from her grown-up children and delights to be called "ma'am," is head of the family and lives in a huge house in Portman Square, with her eldest son, Henry, and two daughters. Her youngest child is over twenty, but all are in subjection to the stern old woman. The story tells how the children become either emancipated or found out by their mother. Colonel Henry is a scoundrel of the Barnes Newcome type, only far more handsome and, if possible, meaner and more cruel; his intrigue with a dressmaker whom he deceives in the usual way is the chief episode of the book. One is inclined to become a little tired of the continual insistence on the hideous depravity of religious people; perhaps it is for that reason that the book becomes somewhat tedious, as it proceeds; and, though Lady Sykes writes with considerable cleverness, she has not mastered the craft of constructing a novel, and the story does not run smoothly from start to finish. The characters have in them a semblance of life that is above the average, and certain scenes contain undoubted force, but as a whole the book is rather meaningless and does not succeed in holding the attention of the reader.

The Girl of La Gloria. By CLARA DRISCOLL. (Putnam, 6s.)

FROM certain signs we take this vigorous story of the Far West to be the author's first book, and from certain other signs we suspect it will not be her last. Miss Driscoll can tell a tale with freshness and an engaging individuality—which makes us expect, and hope, to see more from her. But at present—and this, if we mistake not, indicates the novice—she is a thought too conscientious with her facts. She seems afraid of being misunderstood through leaving too much for granted. She has not quite got the knack either of omitting unessential details, or of saving essential ones from being a trifle tedious. She devotes, to cite a case, a chapter to the history of Texas. The chapter is short, it is true, and the historical facts are summarised with a deft felicity of expression, but chapters of history have nowadays no real place in novels. Tastes have changed since Sir Walter Scott wrote. Readers demand, and we think not without reason, that, if they are to be made acquainted with things which they ought to have learned at school and did not, the process be effected by gradual and almost imperceptible doses. There is, of course, no law binding authors to bow servilely to this demand. They have their ideals of art to consider. But it is well to remember that tact is in itself something of an art, and that on the whole it pays. We do not, however, wish to insist too much upon the defects of this book. Between its covers there is a very excellent and very well-told story laid in a region of America, which we are glad to know can still thrill us with its romantic realities; and if these covers hold as well other matters which are less interesting, we mention them only that our pleasure may be the greater when next we encounter a pair stamped with Miss Driscoll's name.

THE BOOKSHELF

Ordo Romanus Primus, with introduction and notes by E. G. Cuthbert F. Atchley, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. (the Library of Liturgy and Ecclesiology for English Readers). The De La More Press, 7s. 6d. net. The "*Ordines Romani*," or directories of the ceremony of high mass at Rome, as distinct from the sacramentaries or actual service books, are but little known except to professed students of liturgy. "*Ordo Primus*," which is here made accessible to "the intelligent Churchman who is interested in the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church," sets forth the ritual of pontifical high mass as celebrated at the beginning of the ninth century. Mr. Atchley has not deemed it necessary for the present purpose to attempt a critical edition of the text, and the work can, therefore, only be described as a "popularisation" for, we should imagine, an extremely limited number of readers. He has reprinted Mabillon's text (*Museum Italicum* ii, Paris, 1689), supplemented by a few readings from other sources, and has supplied an English translation on the opposite pages. In his introduction, after discussing the date (generally accepted as the eighth century) at which this particular "*Ordo*" was drawn up, the author has brought together a series of notes illustrative of the church, its ornaments and the various functionaries alluded to in the "*Ordo*," and he discusses the origin of

these in relation to the organisation and usages of civil Rome. In the second part is briefly outlined the service and its ritual, as described in the "Ordo," and the derivation and development of these are commented upon. These sections of the book are supplemented by references to authorities which will be of use to the reader if he wishes to follow up the subject: trained liturgiologists are few, and but seldom are disciples added to the little band. Mr. Atchley's book will have achieved its purpose if it indicates the existence of a field in which the labourers are not many and the work to be done out of all proportion to the number of workers. The printing of the text of the "Ordo" as Appendix I. gives the book the odd and incomplete appearance of consisting only of introduction and appendixes; and as the readers for whom it is intended cannot be expected to have Mabillon's text at hand, the hiatus between sections 22 and 48 of the text should have been explained, as the obscure reference in the introduction may easily be overlooked. It would also have added to the convenience of the arrangement if the illustrative notes had been numbered with reference to the sections of the "Ordo" to which they relate. Considerable care has evidently been bestowed upon the book, but it is very irritating constantly to meet with the word "either" used in place of "each" or "both." It does not at all accord with the precision of ritual to say that "the singers arrange themselves in a double row on either side of the quire," as if the particular side were of no consequence. We doubt the value of the English translation provided by Mr. Atchley. A student of liturgy who has no Latin would be spending his time to better purpose in some other work, and there is a clear case against the translation if it leads him to suppose that the beautiful prayers of the Mass convey no other sense of words than he obtains in the bald rendering offered him in an alien tongue. The book is provided with a satisfactory index, some interesting illustrations, an ill-designed title-page and, though clearly printed, is presented in a somewhat clumsy form.

We have received from Messrs. P. S. King and Son a valuable contribution to the literature of the Poor Law, in *The Historical Development of the Poor Law of Connecticut* (12s. net), which forms vol. 22 of the "Studies in History, Economics and Public Law," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Dr. Edward Warren Capen, who is Alumni Lecturer at Hartford Theological Seminary, traces the development of the Poor Law of Connecticut from its beginning in the early colonial period to its present form. He divides his subject into five periods; the early colonial period, 1634-1712, the late colonial period 1713-1784, the period of interpretation and completion, 1784-1838, the institutional period, 1838-1875, and the period of special legislation, 1875-1903; and in each period Dr. Capen arranges his work in four sections: chief characteristic, preventive measures, measures of relief, and special legislation. The subject is interesting, as Dr. Capen points out, because the Poor Law of Connecticut is perhaps the best instance there is in the United States of what is known as the Town System as distinct from the County or State System; and in a valuable little chapter at the end of his work he points out the merits and demerits of the Town System—what it can do better than the others and where it falls short. The book has an excellent subject index.

Mr. Charles H. Cochrane, who wrote not long ago "The Won'ters of Modern Mechanism" has produced a new volume called *Modern Industrial Progress* (Lippincott), in which he deals once more with what may be called the romance of modern practical science. The developments he describes are mainly American, as is only fitting in a writer who dates from New York; but he pays proper attention to British inventions and improvements, and has a very interesting paragraph in his preface, in which he shows how the exclusive policy of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries led by the force of necessity to the inventiveness of America in the nineteenth. The chapters that will appeal most of all to people interested in literature are those devoted to Printing, which Mr. Cochrane calls "the art preservative of all other arts," the Making of Newspapers and the Age of Paper. We have been much impressed by the picture of an august-looking editor in a frock coat sitting alone in a handsome room and speaking some no doubt epoch-making article into a phonograph. You turn the page and find a picture of a printer rattling off that epoch-making article from the phonograph, which is close to his right ear, on to the keyboard of a linotype. The three-colour-process, which has made such enormous improvements in the reproduction of coloured pictures, is carefully explained by Mr. Cochrane; but, as every artist knows, the great objection to the process is the peculiarly ugly tint of mustard which seems to be the only yellow its users can attain, and the four illustrations which Mr. Cochrane gives only serve to show how true the complaint is. The book is lavishly illustrated, and should be welcome to lovers of popular and practical science.

The War of the Succession in Spain (1702-1711), by Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell (Bell, 7s. 6d. net), is a book which was first published in 1888, but which is well worth reprinting in a cheaper form. The history is based on original manuscripts and contemporary records, and is of particular value; since the author, besides going deeply into the history of the war, has provided a very full list of authorities. The most interesting question in the book is really the character of Peterborough, whom Colonel Parnell describes as "a thin, brisk-looking man, notorious for foul living, open atheism and boastful talking." Peterborough's campaign in Spain on behalf of the Austrian claimant to the throne of that kingdom was of small profit to England and was eclipsed by the glorious victories of Marlborough, which were won at the same time in the Low Countries; but Peterborough was one of the most successful of British generals. His methods were remarkable and found little favour with the Duke of Wellington; who

tersely described him as a brilliant partisan: Eugène declared that he thought like a general, and Marlborough acknowledged his good qualities. He was an eccentric genius, and Colonel Parnell's account of the war in Spain is excellent, although he allows so little merit to Peterborough himself, whose genius inclined to making war "by moral rather than physical force, by scaring men into the delusion that they were beaten rather than by actually beating them." A cantankerous nature, coupled with great conceit, has brought Peterborough a good deal of posthumous suffering at the hands of historians, which he does not wholly deserve.

BOOK SALES

THE most important Book Sale of last week was that of the books of the late Mr. Fraser Rae by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

To Mr. Rae's books were added other properties consisting of books with coloured plates, the publications of the Grolier Club, French Illustrated Books, Works on Costume, Water-Colour Drawings, Extra-Illustrated Books, Early Poetry and First Editions.

The greatest interest was taken in the following:—

Gulliver's Travels. First Edition. £15 10s.

Ackerman's History of the University of Oxford, with coloured engravings by Pugin and Nash (somewhat damaged), 2 vols., 1814. £11.

Ackerman's Foreign Military Gallery: Costumes of the Indian Army, a series of coloured plates of all the regiments, drawn by Martens and engraved by Harris, 1845-49. £20 5s.

The First Collected Edition of Spenser's Works, 1611. £8 5s.

Dobson (Austin) Old-World Idylls and other Verses, large paper, only 50 copies printed, a presentation copy to G. H. Boughton, with MS. poems on 2 leaves, signed by Dobson, 1883. £20.

De Vinne Press. Andrews (W. L.). A Stray Leaf from the Correspondence of Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. 77 copies printed. New York, 1894. £15 10s.

A Parcel of Boughton's Sketch Books. £10 5s.

Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America (1773-1783). 25 vols. A magnificent work done as a labour of love to his native country by the late Mr. Stevens of Trafalgar Square at great expense. £22.

Bacon (Sir F.) *Essays: His Religious Meditations, Places of Perseverance and Dissuasion*, 1624. £7 10s.

Goldsmith's Traveller. First edition. 1765. £14 15s.

Heywood (John) *The Spider and the Flie*. Black letter. 1556. £5 5s.

A collection of pamphlets relating to Archbishop Laud, 1641. £4 15s.

The Most Pleasant and delectable Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes a Spaniard. Black letter. 1596. £10 10s.

Milton's True Religion, Haeresie, &c. First edition. 1673. £11.

Sir Philip Sidney's *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*. Second edition, 1593, brought £29. It was sold at Heber's sale for £1 18s.

The entire sale (three days) realised £1403 3s.

THE DRAMA

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

THERE is no doubt that, in spite of his persistent levity, Mr. Bernard Shaw is serious, that the views of life which he advances he believes. Beyond the mere statement of them, however, he does not seem to have aspired, and why, in view of this, he chose the theatre as his medium, is and probably will remain a mystery. A statement can be made at least equally well in any literary form, and to use a complicated form when a simple one would serve the purpose is surely inartistic. In the theatre, moreover, the particular class of statement which Mr. Shaw makes in *You Never Can Tell* not only does not gain but even loses. Many a playwright, having introduced you to his characters, proceeds merely to narrate what happens to them—to give a mere description, though in terms of actuality, of the course of their careers. This class of statement, though it does not gain upon the stage, at the same time does not lose—the comparative baldness of the narrative being atoned for by increased reality. But Mr. Shaw's interest in his characters is only of a secondary nature. What he desires to state is not so much the course of their careers as the various reflections which the course of those careers inspires in him.

The governing fact relating to the theatre, and the point in which it differs from every other form of art, is that it deals not with an aspect only of reality but with reality

itself. A story, for instance, must be told by some one. A play is told by no one. It tells itself, it *is*; its object is complete illusion. On the quality of the reality, the completeness of the illusion, depends the interest of a performance. By as much as the personality of the author is obtruded, by so much will the illusion be destroyed and the interest diminished. Of course, in every play of any quality the personality of the author always does and always must appear, but it is in the facts that you will trace it rather than in the presentation of them. If the facts are personal, the presentation of them is impersonal, and on that account the facts obtain reality, being life seen, as it were, through the glasses of a personality. But from the presentation of the facts the personal element must be rigidly excluded, and, if the author's reflections are introduced at all, it must be by characters to whom in the circumstances they would naturally occur. Now Mr. Shaw's personality is probably unique, and with it the many reflections which crowd his play and dictate the conduct of the situations are very strongly marked. His characters, too, are very clearly drawn and possess distinct personalities of their own, but in no case does the personality coincide with Mr. Shaw's. The result is that they all seem, Faust-like, to be followed by a Mephistopheles—a Mephistopheles who thrusts and parries for them more often than they do so for themselves. Had they possessed less definite characteristics of their own they would have been able to assume more naturally the individual views of Mr. Shaw. In that case, however, the play would have ceased to exist as a reality, and, consisting only of a recital of Mr. Shaw's reflections, would have been even more unsatisfactory in the theatre than it is. But in these reflections the value of the play is to be found, and it would then at least have been possible to give them full attention. As it is, the attention of the audience, though divided, inclines in the direction less important. The reflections (Mr. Shaw) are at war with the reality (the characters), and in the theatre the effect of the reality is the greater.

It must be difficult, in playing a piece of this description, to decide whether, in the interest of the reality, the personality of the characters should be exploited, or, for the sake of the more valuable aspect of the play, should as far as possible be destroyed. In the present revival the former course is followed; and, although a finer example of impersonation (the parts of course admit of nothing more) is seldom seen, it follows that the influence of the reality is heightened and that the effect of the performance is in consequence bewildering.

"BECKET" AT DRURY LANE

Becket is not a great play, but it is the medium for great acting. Some dramatic rôles, like certain men, have greatness thrust upon them. Of such is "Becket": Sir Henry Irving thrusts greatness on the unsubstantial figure of the Chancellor-Archbishop. Under the dominion of his art, the portentous conflict between Church and Crown fades into nothingness against the glorious humanity of Becket, the priest, and Becket, the man. The spell that Irving exercises over men's minds can be understood after witnessing his performance as Becket. Here is in truth the militant priest whose unswerving faith shines through his every word and deed. It illuminates him with a dignity and a majesty and a vast elemental strength which invest this stupendous figure with a wondrous glamour, turning his lightest act to power and significance. In his dealings with Fair Rosamund he exhibits the strong man's love for weak and pitiable things. His rescue of this loyal heart from Eleanor's murderous hand is unalloyed melodrama; yet he robs it of banality, makes it seemly indeed. Such gentleness, such high courtesy, such "noblesse" as his deprive criticism of its function; art and truth in this instance are one. How touching his petition to Rosamund: "Pray for me, too; much need have I of prayer!" How exquisitely sad, too, that moment before his death, when

he recalls the "fair-haired Norman maid" who was "the world's lily!" And when his body falls conquered under Fitzurse's blade and he commends his unconquered spirit to God who gave it, the limit of tragic poignancy is reached. Yet we do not suffer, for we have walked all this while with a man nobly prepared for death, and this is but the end ordained. Sir Henry Irving's Becket glows with living colour; it shines in the radiance of an imagination which burns like fire. It is a wonderful performance, an imperishable memory.

"JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

John Chilcote, M.P., is the usual undramatic adaptation of an undramatic novel. Armed with foreknowledge of Mrs. Thurston's book the play is intelligible; without that, it is perplexity and the cause of wrath. Essentially a theme for psychological examination by the novelist, whose art may render acceptable its inherent improbabilities, it involves an interchange of "identities," which the visual conditions of the stage make it almost impossible to accept. The novelist's difficulty becomes, in its stage embodiment, a matter of machinery worked by an actor with sufficient skill to differentiate the "doubles" to the point of credibility. Mr. Alexander seeks to fortify the illusion by the introduction of a physical double, but dexterously as this is done, the trick only subtracts from the little dramatic virtue the piece possesses. In the whirlpool of small things in which the play moves—political prattle, crystal-gazing and what not—we are always on the verge of dramatic vacuum. Only twice in the long palaver about nothing in particular is the fringe of action touched—once when Lady Astrupp, a character played with great distinction by Miss Marion Terry, discovers Loder's identity, and again when she discusses Chilcote with the morphinomaniac's wife, a rôle enacted by Miss Miriam Clements with quiet grace. Mr. Alexander plays with much skill and earnestness, but the thing is not worth it.

"LEAH KLESCHNA" AT THE NEW THEATRE

A THING good after its kind is always to be praised, and because *Leah Kleschna* is a play of quite unusual quality in its own class, it must be welcomed. In it the theatricism which is so singularly ineffective in *John Chilcote, M.P.*, is used with an unerring sense of the stage and is triumphant. Mr. McClellan, the American author, has achieved a *tour de force*, indeed, for he is, we understand, the librettist of *The Belle of New York*. In contemplating *Leah Kleschna*, so significant of strength, observation and dramatic aptitude, one can only forgive that other "base slander" of his brain, yet not regret, for the sake of the ensuing comparison. Theatricalism fertilised by thought is so rare on our stage that its presentment may earn acclamation beyond its merit. This is the danger of *Leah Kleschna*. It is endowed with qualities which almost cajole the critic into placing it in a higher plane than that in which it moves. For *Leah Kleschna* after all, is but melodrama—a melodrama full of thoughts and thrills, but, in spite of its admirable expression, melodrama. Indeed, so fine is this melodrama of a criminal's reclamation that it almost hides its true nature as a play of situation by the high value of its observation of character. All its men and women, good and bad, are vividly drawn. "If you prick them" most of them do bleed. Especially is this the case of Leah Kleschna's father, an habitual criminal of resource and courage. He is depicted by Mr. Charles Warner with great reserve, great power and rare skill. Kleschna is a masterly and vital study of the instinctive criminal, who might have been dramatised from the pages of Lombroso. His daughter, an accidental criminal, is portrayed with much nervous intensity and fine restraint by Miss Lena

Ashwell. Great care has been taken with the play, which but for Mr. Leonard Boyne's portentous manner, is well-acted all round, and will be, as it deserves to be—after it has been purged of its plethoric words—a success with critical and uncritical alike.

FINE ART

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

So recently as twenty years ago there may have been some point underlying the rather vacuous question that pervaded the air at this season: "Is it a good or bad Academy?" At present, chiefly through the fault of the Academy itself, the Exhibition has lost much of its predominant position, and whatever meaning the question ever had, has been rendered futile.

Rumours have been rife that this time the Academy had at last put its foot down and exercised a stern rigidity in its selection. If so, it must have been unusually unfortunate in the works submitted, for the Exhibition shows no improvement in the standard. It is just the usual jumble of all grades, the excellent, the creditable, the discreditable, and the incredible.

One fact that marks it from other exhibitions and is so far perhaps a credit to the selection, is that there are very few pictures of any considerable merit to be found by unknown men.

The pictures that claim our attention by their excellence are nearly all by members of the body or by painters of reputation. The small or "unimportant" works are truly unimportant. Of course, we cannot judge the significance of the fact, since we do not know what works were submitted, and in one case at least, Mr. Havard Thomas' "Lycidas," now at the New Gallery, the rejection cannot even be excused on account of the insignificance of the work. But if we make the bold assumption, that the works exhibited were the best submitted, it is quite as it should be that Academicians and Associates should come out on top.

We often hear complaints that artists are forced in these times to repeat former triumphs, but it must be admitted that any excursions into new ground, or any jumping of other people's claims have droll results—in the Royal Academy. Probably the game of prisoner's base is one requiring more agility than the staid Academician can command, and the result is seldom happy.

Mr. Dicksee in *The Ideal* was ill advised in calling up the spirit of George Frederick Watts, since he has not conjured with it. Mr. McWhirter has introduced a pleasing variety in his birch-tree, lonely from the departure of many sisters, by placing it this time in a winter landscape No. 202; but if he wished to poach he might have chosen some richer preserves than those of Mr. Henry Woods in 477, *Lake of Como from above Lenno*.

Mr. Clausen too, reminds us to his own detriment of Claude Monet and P. Wilson Steer in No. 54, *A morning in June*. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema startles us in No. 212, *The Finding of Moses*, by emulating his late colleague Edwin Long, or perhaps we should say Mr. Ernest Normand. In any case the departure is not to be recommended.

Mr. Sargent has accustomed us of late years to acknowledge his pre-eminence, but here also guileless colleagues have been lured by his repeated challenges to try and meet him on his own grounds, and have suffered. Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. Luke Fildes are among the prostrate. How much wiser in their own generation are Messrs. Leader, Peter Graham, Davis, and Oules!

"The eldest oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head."

Mr. Sargent's influence on contemporary painters is regrettable. It requires all his immense energy and experience,

his faultless eye and hand and his taste, which is more accurate than exquisite, to reconcile us to the positive style of his painting. It is only the intense nervous tension of his work which renders it interesting, like that of a great virtuoso. Without these characteristics it would be dull, besides being, as it inevitably must be, harsh and strident.

Painters of much smaller gifts than his could produce more artistic results, if they would permit themselves to hint and suggest rather than to assert. As an instance of the kind of work that should not be beyond the reach of several contemporaries, I should quote the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes by Fantin-Latour, now in the National Gallery. The pre-eminence of this work is due to taste and sensibility rather than to extraordinary gifts, and it consists chiefly in the due proportion of emphasis and reticence, those passages in which there was not much to be said, having been, as it were, gently whispered, thereby making the positive statements all the more striking by contrast. But when everything in a picture is asserted with equal dogmatism, the result is rather to alarm than to convince, and when, as with every one but Mr. Sargent, those assertions are not even accurate, we are distressed as well. But such an achievement as Mr. Sargent's *Marlborough Family*, No. 256, is enough, it must be admitted, to shake any conviction for the moment. Moreover, Mr. Sargent has evidently studied Vandyck to some purpose in this canvas. The plan of the picture is superb, especially the manner in which the foreground figures, the child holding up the massive train and the leaping dog enliven a mass which would have become too heavy. Of his other portraits, No. 376, *A vele gonfie*, is the most interesting, but the two at the New Gallery of Mrs. Ernest Raphael and Sir Frank Swettenham show even greater accomplishment.

It is remarkable that at the present day the Academic style is the reverse of traditional, and that nowhere do we find cruder statements of the positive method. By positive we mean the uniform treatment of every portion of the picture without regard to relative importance, or character. Mr. Stanhope Forbes matches the colour of a blue sea as he does that of a blue jersey. We do not feel that the one has a different character and quality as well as a different tone from the other. We find the same baldness of statement in Mr. Tuke's work, in that of Mr. Hacker, of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, of Mr. David Murray, of Mr. Waterhouse.

Mr. La Thangue, after many divagations, has invented a technique which has certainly the merit of originality. He delights in the brilliant lights and reflections of southern climes and has developed the positive method to meet these aspects in the oddest way, so that his pictures can be recognised at a glance. Every touch appears to have been put on with a heavily loaded spatula and jumps in your eye with equal insistence. Since he is scrupulous to give the conflicting colours of reflection, the effect of this uniform treatment is that of a "shot" colour and must be bewildering to any one who is not capable of appreciating the study and observation traceable in his work. In regarding any of his pictures we feel that we are face to face, not with nature, but with some formidable, monstrous, and efficient machine. It is not the flicker of sunlight that we see, but rather of a biograph, and we long to set the machine in movement, so as to justify the action which has been arrested in a kind of unstable equilibrium. In one of the pictures, No. 135, *A Ligurian Mill-race*, a girl is bending down and drinking from the stream. Her dress is an orange-red, and her face is illuminated by the same colour, sunset, we believe. The two colours, the one local, and the other caused by illumination, are represented in precisely the same way by positive mixtures of paint and the effect is wonderfully unlike nature. Quite wonderfully, because Mr. La Thangue has set himself to copy the aspect, and has done so with as much precision and force as his method could allow him. If with all his skill and experience he can only produce work ugly of necessity, but false even more, does not that show that the whole direction of

modern academic art, of which Mr. La Thangue is only one and perhaps the most accomplished example, is towards a blind alley?

B. S.

THE NEW GALLERY

WHEN the New Gallery was started under the direction of Messrs. Carr and Hallé, although there was no actual Society or enrolled body of painters, the Exhibition was continued on the lines of the Grosvenor Gallery, and had a certain character of its own distinguished chiefly by the Pre-Raphaelite rump. Year by year the distinction has diminished until at the present time it is difficult to regard it as anything but an annexe to the Royal Academy. But this year at any rate it has justified its existence by including among the exhibits one masterpiece that the Royal Academy has had the incredible folly to reject.

Mr. Havard Thomas's "Lycidas" is the most scholarly, original and sincere piece of sculpture that an Englishman has produced for many years, and its offence to the academic mind is an absolute mystery. Not only is it exquisitely finished, but it is even, we should have thought, in sympathy with the tendencies of modern Academic sculpture which are towards the Florentine Renaissance of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, rather than, as formerly, influenced by the Greek classics.

The Royal Academy has once more asserted that mediocrity is the only sure claim to recognition. Silly imitations of Donatello are sure of a place, but this work, which is no imitation at all, but informed with the spirit of the Renaissance, whilst retaining a sure hold of nature, is shocking to their susceptibilities. Another piece of sculpture which, we believe, was unjustifiably rejected is Mr. Toft's bronze bust of Mark Hambourg, a strong piece of work, worthy of the Napoleonic head of the sitter.

It is to be regretted that the managers of the New Gallery weaken an exhibition which is not otherwise pre-eminent by including the works of titled amateurs, prominent nonentities, and the sisters, cousins, and aunts of distinguished people. It cannot be of much service to anybody, and is prejudicial to the serious efforts of artists who are entitled to consideration.

It is curious to watch the gradual decrepitude of what seemed, at the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, the most important movement of the time, the later or eclectic school of Pre-Raphaelites, of whom Edward Burne-Jones was the chief exponent. We have here in 1905, only gibbering ghosts to remind us of its previous existence, and when these are laid we shall expect to breathe more freely.

One impression that is very marked is that Mr. Sargent's proximity, or indeed his presence, is absolutely disastrous to any exhibition, and since he has extended his operations not only to scenes of former triumphs, like the New English Art Club, but to new fields like the Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, he will soon have "left no man on his legs."

His agility and force are, as always, phenomenal, and there are moreover a certain dignity and absence of swagger in his work which are cruel to so much that is loose or tired or fatuously complacent in the other works. His singleness of purpose, and the way he goes straight to his object without looking to the right or to the left are quite admirable. It is only by his indifference to the material he is handling, as exemplified in the pearl necklace of No. 216, *Mrs. Ernest G. Raphael*, that he shows his inferiority to the great masters. In his work there never has been, and it is too late to hope that there ever will be, any tenderness, and without tenderness the highest level cannot be reached. Mr. J. J. Shannon spoils his charming talent by unnecessary swagger. He is evidently preoccupied by Lawrence and Romney, and failing to emulate these accomplished roysterers, the challenge and provocation are unjustified. The painter of the head of 110, *Miss Kitty Shannon*, really need not have worried about his precursors. Mr. Charles

Wyllie, whose work is too little known for its merits, shows in No. 5, *A Water Frolic*, a research in drawing and a study of the play of light on the nude, which are remarkably accomplished. Taste and beauty are absent, it is true, but we almost forget this in the vigour and brilliancy of the handling. Mr. James Charles' No. 17, *Skittle Players*, is also a brilliant work in a very different style, being more Continental in its summary statement. No. 81, *The Doctor's Garden*, by Mr. Alfred Withers, has some charm, spoilt like so much in modern painting by meaningless crudities of pigment.

Mr. Harold Speed shows much cleverness in all his work, especially in the striking portrait of Mark Hambourg, No. 191; Mr. Edward Stott has less to say and says it at greater length than before; Mr. Austen Brown combines the subjects of Millet with the handling of Glasgow in his sophisticated canvases; Mr. James S. Hill is sophisticated to some purpose, and his *St. James's Park*, No. 113, is charmingly successful. As for the rest of the exhibitors, they are neither better nor worse than in former years, and what more can be said?

B. S.

ART SALES

AFTER the Easter vacation Messrs. Christie began business again on Saturday last with an important sale of the collection of modern pictures of the late Mr. John Gabbitts. The highest price was reached by a Corot, "La Chevière," a picture of a child tending a white goat on the outskirts of a wood with a distant view of a castle, 23½ in. by 19 in., 1650 gs. (Watson). A river scene by the same artist, 10½ in. by 17½ ins., fetched 380 gs. (Devereux). Other works by foreign artists were; Ch. Jacque, sheep and shepherd outside a wood, 18 in. by 26 in., 560 gs. (Wallis); N. Diaz, a rocky landscape with peasants and cattle, on panel, 16½ in. by 21 in., 1848, 480 gs. (Obach); and a forest scene, 19 in. by 13 in., 1848, 130 gs. (Wise). Descamps' "On the Look-out," 12 in. by 15½ in., 270 gs. (Williams); J. Maris, the outskirts of a town with a man on a white horse, 6½ in. by 9 in., 260 gs. (Wallis). Roses in a vase by Fantin-Latour, 16 in. by 13½ in., 1879, 180 gs. (Wallis); a Monticelli, nymphs in a garden, 13½ in. by 23½ in., 180 gs. (Moore); and a *fête champêtre*, by Watteau, on panel, 15½ in. by 20½ in., 120 gs. (Eyles). Three drawings by David Cox were sold: a landscape with a windmill, 18 in. by 27½ in., 260 gs. (Ormonde); a landscape with a peasant woman, 1851, 10½ in. by 15½ in., 160 gs. (Agnew), and "Seedtime," 10½ in. by 14 in., 1855, 65 gs. (Price). A landscape by Copley Fielding, 11 in. by 15½ in., 1833, reached 250 gs. (Waters); a De Wint, 11 in. by 17½ in., reached 60 gs. (Ward); a Constable, landscape with a peasant woman on a road, on panel, 8 in. by 11½ in., fetched 105 gs. (Maclean); and another, representing an old cottage at Langham, Suffolk, on panel, 12½ in. by 14½ in., 280 gs. (Osston). Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Leslie Baker, of Bath, 30 in. by 24½ in., went to 170 gs. (White); and Sir T. Lawrence's "The Age of Innocence," 35½ in. by 27 in., to 250 gs. (Miles). "Driving the Flock," by J. Linnell, Senior, 26 in. by 36 in., 1854-6, fetched 270 gs. (Wallis); and a picture of Venice, by Holland, 100 gs. (Norman). A landscape by Professor Legros, with a peasant and horses, 36 in. by 50 in., 1900, was sold for 110 gs. (Dunthorne). The sale also included works by Clausen, Detaille, and Weissenbruch.

SCIENCE

THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS

THE question of questions is the concern of philosophy—which is the quest of reality. Hence we may divide all schools of philosophic thought into two great categories—those which believe that they have found the answer to this question, and those which believe that it is unanswerable.

Truth not being determinable by a counting of heads, however distinguished, we need not expect to reach any conclusion as to whether or not Reality is knowable, by citation of the authorities for or against. Perhaps the great names are equally balanced; and perhaps exception might be taken to any off-hand attempt to assign the great thinkers to one or other category. But Plato(?) and Kant, Spinoza and Spencer may be named as representative of those who, though widely differing among themselves, agree in denying that the ultimate reality can be

known. The terms noumenon, thing-in-itself, and unknowable, may be recalled: whilst even "the God-intoxicated" Spinoza, who spoke of *Deus sive Natura*, declared that "to define God is to deny Him."

On the other hand, there are many illustrious thinkers who teach that Reality can be known. It is true that most of them lived before the days in which men began to study the knowing process; but their names compel our respect. It will probably be admitted that Democritus, Aristotle and Berkeley were of their number. But if the mutual differences of the first—the ultimately sceptical or agnostic group—are immense, profounder still are the differences between the thinkers of the gnostic or dogmatic group. For this method of classification—which I am nevertheless prepared to regard as the primary classification of all philosophic systems—groups together, in respect of their dogmatism, the theologians of all creeds, Christian, Buddhist (if it be not incorrect to speak of a Buddhist theologian), Mohammedan, Hebrew, or what you please—every religious system including a philosophy or theory of reality, and all such theories being necessarily dogmatic or gnostic; the idealists who maintain that mind, which they regard as obviously and immediately knowable, is the ultimate reality; the Materialists, who regard matter or atoms as the (knowable) reality; and their successors, who answer the question of questions by referring us to an (equally knowable) Energy or Force. Thus, in respect of their belief that the quest of Philosophy is attainable, the Theist, some Pantheists, and some Atheists may be found to agree.

But in one respect, at any rate, *all* the philosophic thinkers of any weight, whether gnostic or agnostic (I use the words in their primary senses), are found to agree—and that is in the belief that Reality, whether knowable or unknowable, whether personal or impersonal, material or immaterial, is *one*. No philosophy that counts is content with anything but some form of monism. If we believe in God and Nature as antithetic, we must at any rate declare that God made Nature from his own substance; if we believe in mind and matter as antithetic, though knowable, we must at any rate declare that Reality consists in the "union of subject and object"; and so forth. Mr. Balfour, who ranks at times beside the ancient sceptic who denied everything, even to denying that he denied anything, doubts whether there are any grounds for this constant search for the One: but at any rate we find that a belief in the unity of Reality is common to all the systems that are not negligible. Whether Reality be a knowable God, or the Unknown God, or Matter, or the "Unknowable"—it is believed to be *one*.

As a camp-follower of those who believe that we cannot know Reality I am in company too good to permit me any distress at the allegation of "having one of those uncentred minds which cannot be happy without a mystery"; and so I hope I can consider, without any resentment due to such an unkind heart-thrust, a volume which I have just finished reading—*The Evolution of Knowledge, a Review of Philosophy*, by Raymond St. James Perrin. (Williams and Norgate, 6s.) The author of this book believes that "the reason why our knowledge is only of phenomena is that there is nothing but phenomena": he regards the postulating of anything that cannot be known as mysticism and superstition, and his main thesis, which he considers to be abundantly proved, is that the ultimate reality is *motion*. He is an evolutionist, and it would appear that, from the doctrine of universal change, he infers reality to be none other than material change or motion. It would be idle to follow him in the whole of his argument—how idle no reader will need more than ten pages to show—but it is expedient, I think, to consider the chief difficulty which he has to encounter—the resolution of mind into motion.

Whilst we who believe that neither mind nor not-mind is the ultimate reality, but that both are phenomenal of an underlying reality, can afford to recognise a *proximate* dualism of mind and not-mind, those who believe that they have found the answer to the question of questions are commonly compelled, by the passion for unity which

they share with us, to resolve mind into not-mind, or *vice versa*.

A few years ago, we could have used the word materialism to describe the doctrine which professes to explain mind in terms of not-mind. But recent discovery, as every one knows, has cracked the clay feet of materialism, and we are now at a loss for a word until people shall become familiar with the appropriate substitute, which is, I suppose, Energism. Let us admit that everything that is not mind may be resolved into Energy—ignoring the palpably derivative concept of motion—and let us then inquire into the contention that mind may be resolved into Energy.

From our author we may take the very crudest conceivable form of the doctrine which explains mind in terms of not-mind. In words which this pen is too feeble to characterise, Mr. Perrin gives, as "the modern scientific definition of mind"—"*that part of the sensorium capable of the greatest molecular activity*"—a definition which is almost enough to make one forswear science for ever and go in for black magic, hell-fire theology, or the Baconian theory. Even admitting that the matter of which the human sensorium is composed is really like all matter, a manifestation of that form of energy which we call electricity, let us consider it in relation to our author's theory of mind.

It is an easy thing to dissect a human brain. The post-mortem room attendant preserves it in formalin or alcohol and sells it to the student, who proceeds, with a long knife, to slice it from above downwards, examining each section *seriatim*. He can also make microscopic sections of the grey matter from various areas, stain them with silver salts, and examine them under a high power. He thus is certain to encounter "that part of the sensorium capable of the greatest molecular activity"; but as he fingers and smells and sees it, does it ever occur to him that he is fingering and smelling and looking at mind? Is he entitled to say: "This morning I bought a small piece of consciousness, cut a thin section of it, stained it by Golgi's method, and mounted it in Canada balsam?" Even granted that the thin section is really a manifestation of Energy, can anything more fatuous than such a mode of thinking be conceived?

Of course the materialistic or energistic theory of mind can be framed in terms slightly less ridiculous. If we avoid the use of the term "matter" and confine ourselves to such words as "energy," we can declare, if we like, that "consciousness is a form of energy." This is by far the most plausible form in which the theory can be presented, for we are easily deceived by the excellence of the metaphor into thinking that it is more than a metaphor. But—to name the one objection my space will hold—all the natural sciences have united in the demonstration of the fact expressed by the phrase "conservation of energy." Heat, light, electricity may be transformed, but they are never lost; nor is any energy ever created. Those who would persuade us that "consciousness is a form of energy" must be good enough to demonstrate that its manifestations are compatible with this law. But how is this to be done whilst no one can even furnish us with any unit or scale of consciousness? Even if we assume, for argument's sake, that exactly the same number of milligrammes of phosphorus are oxidised during an hour's consciousness—whether of a Shakespeare or a sot—who will declare that those two conscious entities, even though accompanied by exactly equal amounts of chemical change, are equal? Burn a gramme of phosphorus, in a brain or a pan, and you will always obtain an invariable amount of heat. But one brain will yield, meantime, the *Prelude to Parsifal*, another the "Washington Post" March, whilst the pan yields nothing at all but the heat. The law of the conservation of heat-energy is observed, but to resolve mind into energy (which is, as a fact, a material concept) you must demonstrate that the *Prelude to Parsifal*, Mr. Sousa's March, and nothing are equal. We wish you joy of the task.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

THE USE OF OPERA

IF those conclusions are accepted which were reached in our discussion of the failure of opera in the ACADEMY of March 25, the question then arises, has the whole operatic movement been a misdirected effort as a serious art? Is it possible that all the great masters, with the exceptions of Bach and Brahms, have "followed wandering fires," and during a large portion of their lives given themselves to a branch of art which is no true art; and consequently that their great efforts are wasted? We wish to draw no such pessimistic picture. Apart from the truism that every honest effort, even if misdirected, has its value, and that the music of *Don Giovanni* or *Fidelio* is great music and therefore to be revered as such, notwithstanding its operatic form, opera has done a great work for musical art in general, which could not have been done in any other way. A glance at the history of music shows us that opera has always received a new impulse, whenever it has been necessary to emphasise the human side of music, that which expresses emotion as opposed to the purely intellectual beauty of formal or abstract music. These two great elements in the appreciation of music, intellectual beauty, and emotional sympathy, have had, for the most part, to receive alternate, not simultaneous cultivation. It is never possible wholly to lose sight of either and still to keep music alive, but it remains for some millennial period of art to present the two in exact counterpoise. There are during the past three hundred years—which practically contain the history of modern music—three prominent instances in which opera has come to the rescue, by turning music back from intellectual development to consider the need for the cultivation of the more directly expressive side of art.

The first is the birth of opera, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The ethereally beautiful and abstract art of Palestrina and his contemporaries had just been completed. Anything more spiritual and truly uplifting, but at the same time more completely removed from the ordinary emotions and feelings of everyday life than this music, it is difficult to imagine. The ideals of the small body of enthusiasts, spoken of as the Florentine Academy, were in direct opposition to this view of music. Under the influence of the Italian Renaissance they attempted a musical form founded on the principles of Greek drama, which ultimately resulted in opera. As their music was illustrative of dramatic action, so it was necessarily of the earth, earthy. To those trained in the principles of ecclesiastical art, their efforts at declamation were chaos; to us they are crude in the extreme, but we now reap the benefit in the possession of recitative, with all its varied possibilities. Nay, further, we may almost attribute to this movement our possession of harmony, as opposed to counterpoint, since these men first felt the need of it as an accompaniment to a solo voice. It may be said that the efforts of these composers were not only in the direction of opera but in that of oratorio, and this is true; but it was the dramatic impulse which gave birth to both forms, and while oratorio at a little later period profited more largely by the work of the early ecclesiastical music and incorporated its contrapuntal principles into a scheme which found fulfilment in the great choral works of Bach and Handel, opera on the other hand, by the greater variety of sentiment and emotion which its subjects admitted, did more to widen the scope of expression by means of passages of free declamation, new harmonic progressions and the use of instrumental interludes and incidental music.

This done, opera sank into conventionalism, and the absurdities with which the operatic works of Alessandro Scarlatti and Handel abound. It became merely a fashionable entertainment, and as such could do no abiding service to musical art, until the next strongly revolutionary influence arrived in the person of Gluck. His reforms, though they

primarily affected opera itself, yet had an important bearing upon the art in general. In his hands opera did much for the development of the orchestra; and, as tone-colour is to the ear what stage scenery is to the eye, the art of orchestration owed much of its advance at this time to the theatre, and the first great master of the orchestra, Mozart, attained the art largely through his early experience as a composer of operas.

We find all these qualities of musical expression, declamation, development of harmony and tonality, as well as the art of orchestration, carried much further in the opera of Wagner. As the latest phase of stage music, it seems to sum up in its relation to modern music all that opera has ever done for the art in general, and to do the same work over again in a heightened form. It was Wagner who first pointed the way towards that new range of harmonies in which every modern composer makes some experiment, and which is still partially unexplored; it was he who fused together recitative with metrical music so that the two became almost indistinguishable, and it was he, together with Berlioz, who set composers hunting for new orchestral colours, so that we are almost justified in laying to his charge the present epidemic of muted trombones and saxophones.

This is the good that opera has done to music; it has widened its resources in every direction which has to do with its expressive side, and it may perhaps be maintained that it has still further work of this kind to do. That is possible, but we think improbable. The art of music is now beginning to pass from infancy into maturity. Just as the mind of the child in its first reading lessons has to be helped to formulate ideas by means of pictures, so the accessories of stagecraft and drama were necessary to the development of musical expression in its initial stages. But when the child has learnt to read, and his mind possesses the experience of a grown person, pictorial illustrations are not only unnecessary to his enjoyment of reading, but often hinder his own mental picture. So in music, the present movement in the direction of "programme" music is like the assertion of the growing mind that it can enjoy a romance without the aid of pictures; it is an attempt at musical drama without staging. If this be so, it is actually a step towards, instead of a step away from, abstract music, since it renounces the childish aid of scenic appliances; and one can easily foresee that the next step will be to renounce also the written description of the unacted drama, which at present is given in the programme. Having so fully waked up to the possibilities of dramatic thought and expression in music apart from dramatic action and scenery, it is hardly likely that the art will revert to its childish picture books for instruction. We need not despise them: we may even sometimes like to take them out and look at them, but it will be as a relic of a period which we have passed, in grateful recognition of what we once learnt from them, rather than as the mental food wherewith we now sustain life. Least of all does it appear that opera or music-drama can be, as Wagner predicted, the music of the future. It has been at best a useful vehicle, whereby the range of our musical art has been much extended, but it is one of those means of education which the child has outgrown, and so must now be put away with other childish things.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The first issue raised by J. A. B. is as to the phrases animadverted upon. When I used the phrase "profoundest thinker" I assumed a distinction between philosophic thought on the one hand, and such powers as observation and imagination on the other. Had the names of Coleridge or Milton been cited against Wordsworth, I should have better understood J. A. B.'s objection. On asking the two most competent critics of my acquaintance, both of them poets who yield to none in their admiration of Shakespeare, I learn that neither

of them would be prepared to describe him as a "profound thinker." Can any one state Shakespeare's attitude to the ultimate problem of philosophy? Is there any evidence that he had formulated the ontological question for himself, or was aware of its existence? Then, as a psychologist, he was doubtless the greatest observer of any age, but could he be called a profound thinker as was Kant or Berkeley?

As to the origin of creeds, can J. A. B. name one, the beginnings of which are not Oriental? The "of course" was my manner of saying that I did not regard the observation as other than platitudinous.

The point about "all" and "innumerable" seems to be that one cannot speak of "all" of an "innumerable" number of things. This involves a palpable confusion between innumerable and "infinite," I think. May one not say, for instance, that all the innumerable stars are bound together by gravitation?

The indictment of my essays as not being "science pure and undefiled" involves more radical questions. With your permission, I hope to submit my apologia for my work to its readers next week.

C. W. SALEEBY.

THE FIRST FARCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you be courteous enough to permit a brief correction to appear of certain misrepresentations contained in your criticism of my translation of "Patelin"?

The title-page was explicit as to which version was attempted to be translated, and the advertisements and preliminary announcements left no room for doubt either upon this point. I did "look the matter up" before (guardedly, not confidently) stating that the subject was first introduced by me to the English reader. My principal authority is the exhaustive monograph of Dr. Schaumburg, "*La Farce de Patelin et ses Imitations*," as translated, annotated and enlarged by M. L. E. Chevaldin (Paris, Librairie Klincksieck, 1889). In this book copious extracts are set out taken from an infinitely earlier adaptation than the one cited by your critic; they are to be found in one of the Towneley Mysteries (Surtees Society, London, 1836). Dr. Schaumburg does not mention *The Country Lawyer*. An "acting version in one act" would not seem to have been primarily intended for the English reader; and in any case it has certainly missed him! To the discredit of English letters I am afraid, then, that my statement is substantially correct. It is likely now that a better hand may stretch forth to the like labour: *Prosit!*

Dr. Schaumburg and his translator (whose taste and judgment may be supposed at least to be on a par with those of my numerous rigid and precise critics) prefer Brueys' version to all other renderings.

"*Mdme*" and "*Mdlle*" are quite usual in English; the latter form is given in Ogilvie and in Webster. To estimate the limitations of another's acquaintance with a foreign tongue by the discovery of a superfluous letter in an abbreviated stage direction in English may possibly be ingenious conjectural criticism, but it is certainly not ingenuous, nor in every instance trustworthy.

April 26.

SAMUEL F. G. WHITAKER.

[Our Reviewer writes: "Mr. Whitaker described the piece which he had translated as 'the fifteenth-century farce.' The piece actually translated by him belonged, as I pointed out, to the eighteenth century. I can admit no responsibility for the omission of all mention of *The Country Lawyer* in Dr. Schaumburg's monograph. Mr. Whitaker would not have failed to discover it, if he had searched the British Museum catalogue. To say that because it was an 'acting play' it was not 'primarily intended for the English reader' is no answer to my contention that Mr. Whitaker was mistaken in supposing that the piece was, in his version, 'introduced to the English reader for the first time'—in italics. It is true that '*Mdme*' and '*Mdlle*' are quite usual in English." So, for that matter, is '*Mons.*' But all these abbreviations are wrong, and none of them are employed by scholars."]]

THE GOLDEN ASS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to a review of "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," which appeared in your issue of April 1, I consider it just to myself to inform you that the book in question, though substantially my work, was published without my knowledge or consent, and without my having been permitted to correct the final proofs or give the book the form in which it should have been put before the public. I had not even received an "author's copy," and your review was my first intimation that the book had appeared—as I saw, in a deplorable state, for which I decline all responsibility.

With some difficulty I have ascertained the address of "The Imperial Press," the manager of which informed me that he had purchased the copyright of the work from the publisher for whom I executed it on commission, and that he published it without being aware that my rights had been so grievously transgressed.

I must, at the same time, protest against the insulting headline under which your review appeared, and which it seems to me no incompetence on the part of a previously unknown author, however great, could possibly justify.

And I maintain that any one who read my work fairly through should have recognised what my other reviewers have done, viz., that it was impossible that the author of the work could have been responsible for the defacements caused by the ignorant hands which ampered with it.

Trusting you will give my defence in this matter the same publicity that you gave to your reviewer's attack on my fair name,

May 1.

F. D. BYRNE.

[It was impossible for any reviewer to divine the extraordinary circumstances under which Mr. Byrne was rendered irresponsible for the mistakes in his own book.—ED.]

THE CRESCENT AND STAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Possibly the phenomenon Mr. Tabb witnessed was, as he suggests, the effect of an occultation.

Usually, by virtue of the moon's airless condition, the disappearance of occulted stars is instantaneous; but there have been occasions on which the star has been seen apparently to "hang" for a moment upon our satellite's limb, or edge. This does not discredit the theory of the moon's airlessness; but is due, in my opinion, to certain local conditions in our own atmosphere at the time.

I do not understand, however, how—on the theory of occultation—the star could have "dogged," i.e., followed, the moon for the rest of the evening. By reason of our satellite's proper motion eastwards, the star would disappear at the eastern edge; and, remaining hidden for an hour or longer according to the circumstances, would emerge at the western limb. Is Mr. Tabb quite satisfied that the "star-like" appearance upon the "nether," or southern, tip did in verity persist until the moon set?

April 29.

J. B. WALLIS.

THE AGE OF MODERN WELSH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The late Mr. Vaux of the British Museum, an expert numismatist, prepared an analysis of the Welsh vocabulary, expressing his view that 90 per cent. of the words were from Latin.

Their term for old is *sen*, Latin "senex" exchanging s for h as in *sine*=hind; their word for fountain, which is *ffynnon*, replaces the Latin "fons"; a full consideration then results in the conviction that modern Welsh is a survival of Legionary spoken Latin, based on a Celtic grammar.

April 29.

A. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, A Retrospect: 1805-1904. Woman's Printing Society.

Hobson, R. I., R.A. *Catalogue of the Collection of English Porcelain in the department of British and Medieval Antiquities and Ethnography of the British Museum.* British Museum.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Legge, Helen Edith. *James Legge, Missionary and Scholar.* The Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d.

Alderson, J. P. *Mr. Asquith.* Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Jones, Henry Arthur. *Mrs. Dan's Defence: A Play in Four Acts.* Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

ECONOMICS.

Cox, Harold. *Protection and Employment.* Unwin, 6d.

Hatch, E. F. G., M.P. *In Support of Free Trade.* King, 1s. net.

EDUCATION.

Ashmore, Sidney G., L.H.D. *The Classics and Modern Training: A Series of Addresses Suggestive of the value of Classical Studies to Education.* Putnam, 5s. net.

Nicklin, Rev. T. *Old Testament History, for sixth-form boys.* Part III. From the death of Jehoshaphat. Illustrated. Black, 3s.

Nicholson, Jaffray B. *The Higher Education of the Blind.*

FICTION.

Fuller, Anna. *A Bookful of Girls.* Putnam, 6s.

Kernahan, Coulson. *The Jackal.* Ward, Lock, 6s.

Hocking, Joseph. *Roger Trevelion.* Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.

Noble, Edward. *Waves of Fate: A Romance.* Blackwood, 6s.

Francis, M. E. (Mrs. Francis Blundell). *Dorset Dear, Idylls of Country Life.* Longmans, 6s. (see p. 494).

Wenlock, Arthur. *The Countermine.* Alston Rivers, 6s.

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longard de Longgarde). *The Three Essentials.* Hutchinson, 6s.

Barrett, Frank. *The Error of her Ways.* Chatto and Windus, 6s.

Muddock, J. E. Preston. *The Sunless City.* White, 6s.

Clouston, J. Storer. *The Adventures of Monsieur d'Harcourt.* Blackwood, 6d.

Harraden, Beatrice. *Katharine Frensham.* Blackwood, d.

Grier, Sydney C. *The Warden of the Marches.* Blackwood, 6d.

HISTORY.

MacDonnell, John de Courcy. *King Leopold II. His Rule in Belgium and the Congo.* Cassell, 21s. net.

LITERATURE.

Loring, Andrew. *The Rhymers' Lexicon*. With an introduction by Professor George Saintsbury. Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.

MILITARY.

Cassell's *History of the Russo-Japanese War*. Part 22, 6d. net.

MUSIC.

Platt, William. *Child-Music: a Study of Tunes made up by quite young Children*. 77 St. Martin's Lane and Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.
Journal of the Folk-Song Society, No. 6. Being the first part of Vol. II. 84, Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

NAVAL.

Klado, Captain N. *The Russian Navy in the Russo-Japanese War*. Translated by L. J. H. Dickinson. Hurst and Blackett, 5s.
 Baylis, Lieut.-Colonel T. Henry. *The True Account of Nelson's Famous Signal*. Allen, 6d. net.

POETRY.

Maddock, Alice. *An Autumn Romance, and other Poems*. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Cabinet Series, 1s. net.
 Charos. *Via Lucis*. Cuisinier, 2s.
 Doyle, Edward. *The Haunted Temple, and other Poems*. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

POLITICS.

O'Brien, R. Barry. *England's Title in Ireland, a letter addressed to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*. Unwin, 6d.
 Courtney, Leonard. *The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom and its outgrowth*. Dent, The Temple Primers, 1s. net.

REPRINTS.

Whitman, Walt. *The Book of Heavenly Death*. Compiled from "Leaves of Grass" by Horace Traubel. Portland, Maine: Mosher.
 Wilde, Oscar. *The Soul of Man under Socialism*. Portland, Maine: Mosher.
 Jefferies, Richard. *The Pageant of Summer*. Portland, Maine: Mosher.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis. *Father Damien, an open letter to the Reverend Doctor Hyde of Honolulu*. Portland, Maine: Mosher.
 Cooper, Fenimore. *The Deerslayer*. Nelson, 6d.
 Tom Brown's School-days. Nelson, 6d.
 Marshall, Emma. *Life's Aftermath*. Seeley, 6d.
 Heart and Life Booklets: Brooks, Phillips. *The Life with God*; Selections from Faber's *Hymns*; Robertson, F. W., *The Loneliness of Christ*; Browning, Robert, *Easter Day*. Allenson, 6d. net each.
 Shorthouse, J. Henry. *John Inglesant*. Macmillan: Illustrated Pocket Classics, 2s. net.
 Fielding, Henry. *The History of Amelia*. 2 vols. Hutchinson, 1s. 6d. each.
 The Red-Letter Library: Vaughan, Henry, *Siles Scintillans*, with an introduction by W. A. Lewis Bettany; Bacon, Francis, Lord Verulam, *Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral*, with an introduction by Frederic Harrison; Shakespeare, *King Richard III.* Blackie, 1s. and 1s. 6d. net each.
 Southey, Robert. *The Battle of Trafalgar*. The Astolat Press, 1s. net.
 Emerson, R. W. *Character*. The Astolat Press, 1s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Whitehouse, John Howard. *Problems of a Scottish Provincial Town*. The St. George Press, Bournemouth, Birmingham. London: Allen, 3s. 6d. net.
 Pattin, H. Cooper. *The Ritual of Temperance and State Hygiene. Contributions towards a rationale in National Healthiness*. Norwich: Goose, 2s. 6d. net.

SPORT.

Warner, P. F. *How we Recovered the Ashes*. Cheap Edition. Newnes, 1s. net.

THEOLOGY.

Talbot, Edward Stuart, D.D., Bishop of Southwark. *Sermons at Southwark, preached in the collegiate church of St. Saviour*. Nisbet, 3s. 6d. net.
 Monerie, Rev. Alfred Williams. *Immortality and other Sermons*. 4th edition. Allenson, 3s. 6d.
 Lloyd, Samuel. *The Corrected English New Testament*. A Revision of the Authorised Version (by Nestle's resultant Text), prepared with the assistance of eminent scholars and issued by Samuel Lloyd, a Life Governor of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as his Memorial of the Society's Centenary 1904. With preface by the Bishop of Durham. Bagster, 6s. net.
 Marsh, Gideon, W. B. *The Resurrection of Christ. Is it a Fact?* Sands, 6d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Kelly, J. J. *The Early Haunts of Oliver Goldsmith*. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, and Gill & Son, 2s. 6d.
 Wollaston, Arthur. *The Sword of Islam*. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
 Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Soul of London, A Survey of a Modern City*. Alston Rivers, 5s. net.
 Bryson, Mrs. of Tientsin. *The Land of the Pigtail*. Sunday School Union, 2s.
 Street, M. Jennie, & Sorella. *The Story of Fatma, and other tales of Village Life in the Holy Land*. The Sunday Sch. of Union, 2s.
 Dellenbaugh, Frederick S. *Breaking the Wilderness, the story of the Conquest of the Far West*. From the Wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca, to the First Descent of the Colorado by Powell, and the Completion of the Union Pacific Railway. Putnam, 15s. net.
 Reid, Allan, F.S.A., F.E.I.S. *Picturesque Forfarshire*. The Shire Series. Dundee, &c.: Valentine, 2s. 6d.

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